

THE  
COUNT DE SANTERRE:  
A  
ROMANCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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COUNT DE SANTERRE:  
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CHAP. XXII.

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... Shew them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band.

GRAY.

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THE Marquis, having taken HENRY to his own apartment, demanded an explanation of the scene to which he had been a witness; and ALLANVILLE, with the candour natural to him, recounted the following chain of events, first informing him of every circumstance relative to ELINOR and himself, which has already been related. The next day but one following

that on which **DE JULIEN** left his young friend, and set out for Dejeune to be present at the fête given on **EMMA**'s birthday, **PHILIPPE**, who still lived with **HENRY**, entered his master's room, and well knowing his attachment to **Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN**, informed him of the design to be put in execution against her by **DE SANTERRE**, to carry her from Loncilles; which he had learned thus: **PHILIPPE** had formed a great intimacy with one **PEDRO**, an adherent of the Count's; he was a Biscayan, and not naturally a villain; but, from weakness of principle, and poverty, had been led to commit many acts of daring injustice; and having rendered himself in a manner proscribed, he readily gave the Count his services, to ensure his powerful protection from the offended laws: as **PHILIPPE** said of him, "He loved good wine, and "would sell his soul for a flask;" and

when

when intoxicated, (which, when he was not under the eye of his master, sometimes happened) he was by no means guarded in his manner of talking. It was on one of those occasions that he told PHILIPPE of the scheme of carrying away ELINOR, which was to be done as soon as he returned to Savoy, (he was on business of his own at Perpignan) as he was to be a principal sharer in the enterprise.

HENRY was half distracted at this intelligence: he ordered his horses; and, regardless not only of his weakness, but his military duty, would immediately have flown to save ELINOR; but PHILIPPE, who saw how unequal his master was to this journey, advised him to remain where he was for a few days, till he could get leave of absence; offering in the meantime to go to his friend PEDRO, and learn when ELINOR was to be forced away from her home, and whither she was to

be taken. To this HENRY at last consented; but he was ignorant that PHILIPPE's conference with PEDRO had taken place five days before; he not thinking his master well enough to be disturbed by the intelligence till that time.

PHILIPPE accordingly set out for Dejeune, where he found PEDRO, and learned from him that ELINOR had at that time been twenty-four hours in the castle; but what were the Count's intentions concerning her had not yet transpired.

‘ He once,’ said the Biscayan, ‘ intended to have married this girl, who is pretty enough. But she hated him—and told him so, they say. Since when, he has repaid her hatred sevenfold.—‘ He is a Portuguese! and to him revenge is sweet.—Last night at the hour of midnight, this SANTERRE visited the prisoner!—I was not privy to it—perhaps he feared to trust me.—But he cannot

‘ cannot elude my vigilance—I know him,  
‘ and therefore watch him closely—’

“ What,” said PHILIPPE, whose hair stood on end with the horror of his own ideas, “ what might be the purpose of “ this visit?”

‘ I have already told thee,’ replied PEDRO, fullenly, ‘ that I was not privy to ‘ it. I was not trusted.’

PEDRO was so much irritated by the slight shewn him by the Count, that he forgot a part of that prudence, which, when sober, usually governed his conversation; but he could not be induced to tell what his suspicions were;—for that he harboured such was pretty evident. In the evening, PHILIPPE again sought the Biscayan, who told him, that the next night was fixed on for conveying Mademoiselle LUSIGNAN from Dejeune; but whither, or what was the intent of this removal, he was not to learn till an hour

before

before the time appointed for their departure, when he and another of the vile confederacy were to join the Count in his apartment.

At midnight, PEDRO and his fellow (who was named ALREZ, a renegade, whom fear of the Turkish judicature which he had offended, had brought again to Christendom) attended their principal, and went from his chamber to seize ELINOR; but for what purpose she was to be removed was never discovered, for when the Count was wounded by DE JULIEN they both fled nobody knew whither.

PHILIPPE only stayed at the castle long enough to learn that, though dangerously wounded, the Count was likely to live, and that ELINOR was no where to be found. With this intelligence he returned to HENRY, who immediately set out in hopes of finding ELINOR. And PHILIPPE (who was neither so young, nor so much in love

love as his master) suggested to him, that the best way would be to go first to Loncilles to enquire for her, as it was possible she might be at home by that time. HENRY soon arrived at the village near Loncilles, and was informed by the peasants that ELINOR was come back, attended by a gentleman, to whom she was to be married; (for so had the servants of LUSIGNAN already reported.) Rendered desperate by this blow to his hopes, he formed the wild design of penetrating even to the chamber of ELINOR, to reproach her with her inconstancy, and to leave her and his native country for ever; perhaps too, he had a hope that she might confute the report of her intended marriage. But to find admittance to the chateau was not so easy, had not PEDRO (in his cups) described the manner in which he and his companions effected it. Not very far from the chateau, in an oak copse, overhang-

ing the river, was a hermitage. The spot was marked by some very lofty cedar and chesnut trees that had been planted at the back of the cell, to shade it with their drooping boughs from the scorching heat of the sun, which at its meridian darted its fervid rays on the thatch of the hermitage. The floor was a mosaick work of small pebbles, so very well imitated as never to give the least idea of their being fictitious, and that the thin iron plate on which they were artfully raised, was a trap-door, fastened by a spring, and concealing a flight of steps. By some contrivance the floor was prevented from sounding hollow when trod on, and nobody suspected the deception but the Count; and how he came to the knowledge of the secret, was not discovered. There were near fifty steps from the hermitage down into a low subterraneous passage, terminating in a little area underneath the closet, adjoining the chamber

chamber at the end of the East wing of Loncilles. In this closet, it may be remembered that the Marquis and LUSIGNAN in vain fought a trap-door. The contrivance was this: the planks of the flooring were broad, and unbroken; but one of them had a groove made for it in the wall at one end, and it required but little force to slide it under the skirting-board, by that means making a considerable aperture.

HENRY, by implicitly following the directions given by PEDRO, on the night he proposed for his visit, found himself in the room under ELINOR's. On trying to open the door into the next, he found it nailed up, which was done by LUSIGNAN on the night of his daughter's return. But he recollects an incident, which removed this impediment to his wishes:—PEDRO had related, that on one morning (while he was watching an opportunity to seize ELINOR) curiosity prompted him to go into

into the inhabited part of the chateau; (he it was that ELINOR caught a glimpse of, two mornings before she was carried off, in the great hall.) Hastily returning to join his companion ALREZ, who had already left the rooms, he lifted a wrong part of the hangings, and discovered a door, which he opened, and pursued the passage it disclosed, till he came to that door of the saloon, which ELINOR had once unclosed, but which shutting with a spring bolt, was only to be opened on the inside by those who knew the mechanism of it.

Of this, when HENRY passed through it, he took particular notice, and then proceeded to the chamber of ELINOR; having learned where it lay, by means of the peasants, who were yet full of her temerity (as described by MARATHON) in braving the ghosts. He entered the room (having first listened and found she was still up)

at

at the very moment when she went into the dressing-room. He approached the table, designing to lay his watch on it, to prepare her for his appearance; but he forgot his intention when his eye was attracted by the miniature she had left there. He took it up, and was sensible only of the maddening jealousy it inspired, when she returned to the room. The sight of her was distracting to him: he beheld her, if possible, more beautiful and interesting than ever; but her charms and her sweetness were not for him! and he hardly knew what he said or did, so violent was the tempest of emotions in his mind.

“ If, my Lord,” added HENRY, when he had concluded his narrative, “ I have hitherto been disingenuous; impute it, I intreat you, to an excess of delicacy towards the woman I loved, and by no means to a doubt of your friendship. I once gloried in the possession of my

“ ELINOR’s

" ELINOR's heart! I now wish that she  
 " may bestow it on you; I cannot now  
 " pretend to her favour, or think of in-  
 " volving her in remorse for violated duty,  
 " ruined fortune, and a blemished honour.  
 " Think not ELINOR degraded by having  
 " once loved me; and pardon me for ha-  
 " ving by this night's hasty action reminded  
 " her of the existence of such a wretch as  
 " I am."

' Noble! generous ALLANVILLE!' cried  
 the Marquis with animation: ' but think  
 ' not DE JULIEN so selfish, or so cruel,  
 ' as to promote his own felicity at the ex-  
 ' pense of yours; at the price of the ruin  
 ' of ELINOR's peace! No, dear HENRY!  
 ' Her heart (much as appearances were  
 ' unhappily against you) is fondly devoted  
 ' to you: and I am no longer interested  
 ' in her, but as I hope to see her the re-  
 ' joicing wife of one whom I esteem as a  
 ' friend, and love as a brother.'

HENRY's

HENRY's grateful acknowledgments cannot be repeated; he felt too sincerely to be able to say much; but his looks, and the eagerness with which he clasped the hand of the Marquis, conveyed to the benevolent soul of that nobleman the purest sensations of delight; and, had he before doubted it, would have confirmed him in his opinion of the virtue of his friend, more than the most eloquent language could have done. A long silence now succeeded, which the Marquis broke, by saying, with an air of sudden recollection, ‘ Do you know who is this ‘ LUSIGNAN?’

“ The father of ELINOR,” replied HENRY. There was another pause, and DE JULIEN resumed, ‘ By a singular chance enough, I learned, that one of his name was rendered very remarkable by some proceedings in the courts of Paris several years ago.’ “ Do you suspect  
“ him

“ him to be the same?” enquired HENRY.  
 ‘ I more than *suspect*,’ replied the Marquis, ‘ PEIRRE ARNAU DE LUSIGNAN is  
 ‘ the person. I cannot be mistaken in the  
 ‘ name, or, I think, in the man.’

“ Of what nature were those pro-  
 “ ceedings?”

“ Not much to his honour, or that of  
 ‘ a certain nobleman. But one must be  
 ‘ careful. I shall spare no pains to pro-  
 ‘ cure better information, and if I do, you  
 ‘ shall share it. At present, had you not  
 ‘ better quit this place?’ HENRY, now  
 satisfied of the friendship of DE JULIEN,  
 and not without hopes of ELINOR, readily  
 complied; the Marquis promising to re-  
 late to her all he had just heard from  
 her lover.



CHAP. XXIII.

As echo's voice returns the pleasing lay,  
So is a dream the echo of the day;  
The busy thoughts that round some object team  
Oft join in sleep, to form the nightly theme.

## JERNINGHAM.

THE day was beginning to dawn, when the Marquis tapped at the chamber-door of ELINOR. She opened it herself, wishing, yet dreading, to enquire for HENRY. DE JULIEN shut the door, and taking her burning hands in his, said tenderly, ' You ' have not been in bed, ELINOR! '

"No," she replied; her attempt to speak with composure renewing her tears, which had for some time ceased to flow: "in the state you left me, I could not hope for repose." "Ah! forgive me, my loveliest

‘ loveliest friend,’ cried DE JULIEN, ‘ my  
‘ own heart sufficiently reproaches me for  
‘ the misery to which I left you a prey.  
‘ May you never more endure such! AL-  
‘ LANVILLE has long been of all men most  
‘ beloved, and most approved by me;  
‘ nor till I saw you, had he ever a rival in  
‘ my affections. He adores you, and me-  
‘ rits all your tenderness. Bestow it on  
‘ him, and reserve for me only the regard  
‘ you would feel for a brother. My love  
‘ for you ceased, the moment I found that  
‘ to encourage it were culpable; since my  
‘ success would make HENRY and his ELI-  
‘ NOR miserable. ALLANVILLE is, at my  
‘ request, gone from hence; but, I trust, a  
‘ day will come when he shall no longer  
‘ be separated from my amiable friend.’  
ELINOR could express her sense of the  
Marquis’s goodness only by her looks;  
she still continued to weep, but not as she  
had before done from the bitterness of de-  
spair.

spair. The tears she now shed, were the sweet ones of sensibility, awakened by gratitude. The Marquis then related to her all that HENRY had told him; and desired her to depend on his using his interest with LUSIGNAN, to effect a union between her and her lover. As this necessarily took up some time, the morning was far advanced, when DE JULIEN, requesting ELINOR would lie down, and try to compose herself sufficiently, not to have her agitation noticed when the family met at breakfast, bade her adieu, and retired to his chamber. He there threw himself on the bed, without undressing, and, satisfied with his own feelings, was soon in a profound sleep, which lasted till his servant came to inform him it was time to rise.

ELINOR, as she had promised when the Marquis left her, tried to compose herself: to sleep was, however, impossible. Though a storm is succeeded by a calm,

the

the sea does not immediately lose the agitation the tempest gave to its waves: so it is with the human mind; when very much disturbed, it takes some time of uninterrupted quiet and reflection to restore it to its natural tone. **ELINOR** was a proof of this, for when she descended to the breakfast-room, her countenance was pale, her eyes heavy, and frequent sighs rose to her tremulous lips. Madame **DE LUSIGNAN** was alarmed by her looks of indisposition, and said with tender solicitude, “ **ELINOR**, “ my love! you are not well: you look “ as if you had not slept.”

**DE JULIEN** stole a glance at **ELINOR**, which she perfectly understanding, replied, “ I have been tormented all night by unpleasant dreams.” (And at the moment, she doubted if the events of the past night were not visions of the imagination.)

“ What were those dreams?” enquired Madame, who, besides having a very curious

ous disposition, (the consequence of an unoccupied mind) held certain opinions in regard to dreams that many would denominate absurd.

‘ I have but a confused remembrance of them,’ replied ELINOR, deeply blushing.

“ So best,” said her father, sternly, “ so best. From the silly repetition of “ dreams, half the ridiculous fancies of “ women arise; and I wish not those who “ are connected with me to dive into fu- “ turity, by means of illusions so vain and “ fantastical as the visions of sleep.”

‘ And yet,’ said the Marquis, who saw and wished to relieve the confusion of poor ELINOR, ‘ there are many instances re- ‘ corded, in which they have been found ‘ by no means so fallacious as many per- ‘ sons think them.’

“ Oh, no doubt, my Lord,” returned LUSIGNAN, with a sneer: “ But on that “ subject, you must permit me to believe

“ as

“ as little as seems good to me. Every  
“ man may *hear* a story, but every man is  
“ not obliged to *believe* it.”

‘ Certainly, sir,’ said the Marquis, ‘ It  
‘ would be hard indeed, if my belief on  
‘ certain subjects were to enforce yours.  
‘ But I only wished (as it seemed reason-  
‘ able to me) to justify Madame DE LUSIG-  
‘ NAN’s wish to know what had prevented  
‘ her daughter’s repose.’

“ Madame DE LUSIGNAN is a fool!”  
said her husband surlily, as he flung out of  
the room. Though the Marquis was little  
disposed to let his temper be ruffled by a  
person, whom he could not esteem, yet  
felt hurt by this brutal remark; while  
Madame, who (taking it as a matter of  
course) scarcely observed it, was delighted  
to find any person of understanding who  
would coincide in her opinions, said, ‘ I  
‘ am glad, my lord, to find that you do  
‘ not think dreams so insignificant as some  
‘ scoffers suppose them.’

‘ Nevertheless, Madame, I do not think  
‘ them so consequential as some persons  
‘ (even of fine understandings) imagine  
‘ them.’ Madame, by a smile and a bow,  
shewed she took the compliment to herself,  
and that she thought there was more justice  
in it, than the Marquis (who was but a  
Frenchman) ever designed should be sup-  
posed. He went on, ‘ I am led to con-  
‘ ceive, that dreams are rather the conse-  
‘ quences of impressions left on the mind  
‘ by past events, than mysterious warnings  
‘ of the future; and I have no idea of  
‘ making myself uncomfortable, because,  
‘ during the hours of sleep, my imagina-  
‘ tion is filled with terrific images and  
‘ romantic absurdities; probably arising  
‘ from an uneasy posture, or something I  
‘ have been reading during the preceding  
‘ day, which has dwelt on my mind. But  
‘ I do not, therefore, condemn others for  
‘ holding a contrary opinion. Were we  
‘ to

‘ to treat as fables every thing we do not  
 ‘ ourselves know, or perfectly compre-  
 ‘ hend, to a small compass indeed would  
 ‘ our belief extend.’

The return of LUSIGNAN now put a stop to the conversation. After breakfast, Madame proposed a walk, and they all set out to stroll along the banks of the river. Insensibly, the Marquis and LUSIGNAN (who were engaged in deep debate) got a considerable way before Madame and ELINOR, on whose arm she leant; and at last they lost sight of them.

Madame soon complained of fatigue, owing to the heat of the day, (which was unusual for the season) and the ladies returned to the chateau. ELINOR (her mother going to lie down) then went out again, intending to go no farther than the terrace; but as, when alone, her mind naturally recurred to the events of the night before, and the remembrance brought

tears to her eyes; to indulge them freely, she walked towards a wood, that sloping up from the river seemed to promise at once retirement and shade from the scorching sun. She entered it, and continued her walk, still ascending, till she came to a little opening, caused by the height of a rock, which reared itself above the trees that grew at its foot, and commanded from the summit a most beautiful prospect. The river was so far below as hardly to be heard dashing over the fragments of stone that lay in its narrow bed; and close to its bank stood the chateau Lonicelles, which, (while the extent and heaviness of the structure diffused an air of majesty over it) from the large and well-laid out gardens, had an appearance of comfort and elegance. ELINOR would have remained longer admiring the scenery, (which insensibly drew her mind from the contemplations that had for some time occupied it)

had she not seen her father and **DE JULIEN** returning to the chateau; and dreading their observing her, she struck into the wood. There was no path where she now walked, and the tall weeds and briars grew so close that, unable to force her way through them, she was compelled to make many windings. She at last came to another opening, where she perceived herself near the chateau, and instantly recollected the features of the landscape she had seen from the oriel window in one of the Eastern chambers: the same narrow dell, and at the head of it a rude sort of cross as belonging to a hermitage. She looked round her, and descried the hermitage itself, which, from its situation, she took to be the identical one that concealed the entrance of the subterraneous passage. Impelled by curiosity, she advanced, and beheld the cell, such as has been described: she went into it, and almost fancied she  
    felt

felt the artificial pebbles tremble under her feet. Struck with their natural appearance, she stooped to examine them nearer, and observing a small ring, almost concealed by the grafts that grew round the trap-door, she pulled it, and the iron plate started aside evidently by a secret spring. Alarmed she knew not why, she hastily closed the aperture, and leaving the hermitage, proceeded along a path that seemed lately trodden in the grass, and which she imagined would lead her to her home. So far from doing so, when she emerged from the copse, she saw no object with which she was acquainted. She beheld only a little plain, bounded by tall groves of pine, mingled with the mountain ash and evergreen oak. One path only appeared, and it was to the left among the trees: she followed this path, and had not gone far when she perceived

she was in the way to a small but pleasant cottage. Almost close to it ran a rivulet, . . . . A willow grew a-slant the brook, And shew'd its hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

HAMLET.

The roof of the cottage was overshadowed by spreading larches, and the front covered with vines, among which were interpersed the woodbine and jasmine; the little garden before it, which was surrounded by a hedge of flowering myrtle, shew'd that it was inhabited by persons of rather a superior order to the common peasants.

Designing to enquire her way to Lon-cilles, ELINOR lifted the latch, and entering the rustic inclosure, approached the cottage. In a sort of porch, was sitting an extremely pretty young woman, who held in her arms an infant apparently but a few weeks old: two little boys, one about four and the other five years of age, were

were standing beside her, listening to a song she was singing, though the tears ran down her cheeks, and fell on the face of the infant. ELINOR, moved by her sorrow, came nearer, and in a gentle voice enquired if she could do any thing to serve her? The young woman arose, saying, as she offered her seat to ELINOR, "Alas! no, Mademoiselle, I thank you; but you cannot restore to LOUIS, my poor HENRY, or this little one the parent they have lost."

There was something in the manner of this young peasant which interested ELINOR, and sitting down by her (for she insisted she should resume her seat) she said tenderly, 'I cannot, it is true, give those sweet babes back their father—' The cottager interrupted her, "Their father is still living, Madam: it is their mother whom I lament. Alas! my dear SUZIETTE, wert thou but alive——"

Her endeavour to suppress her emotions became fruitless, and she wept bitterly; **ELINOR** too was affected: 'Tell me,' said she, 'if it will not too keenly recall ' the remembrance of your misfortunes, ' who you are? Whose are those lovely ' children, and whence arises your sorrow?'

" You are very good, Mademoiselle, to  
" concern yourself in my affairs; my little  
" story is very simple, and since you wish  
" it, I will relate it."

The little boys had now crept up to **ELINOR**, and were playing with the trinkets of her watch; and the infant was asleep in the arms of the cottager, who thus began her recital.



## CHAP. XXIV.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short, and simple annals of the poor.

GRAT.

“ **M**Y name is **MADALINE DE VILLERES**, and the longest thing I can  
 “ remember is (about fifteen years ago)  
 “ the death of both my parents; with the  
 “ sorrow of my grandfather and grand-  
 “ mother, with whom my brother **GASTON** and I lived. My grandfather,  
 “ Madam, doated on his son, who was not  
 “ only the best and most dutiful of chil-  
 “ dren, but his assistant in the labours of  
 “ the farm: and now that he had lost him,  
 “ every thing went to ruin, for he had

“ not spirits to do any thing, and soon fell  
“ ill. My grandmother spent all her  
“ time in attending him, and taking care  
“ of **GASTON** and me, so that they had  
“ not money to pay their rent when the  
“ landlord called for it; and a rich man  
“ wanting their farm, we were all turned  
“ out to the wide world, to perish, had  
“ not a neighbour afforded us shelter.  
“ Sometime before this, our landlord’s son  
“ used to come to our cottage very often,  
“ to play with **GASTON**, who was but a  
“ little older than him. He was a charm-  
“ ing boy, Mademoiselle; and when he  
“ heard that we had left our own habita-  
“ tion, he prevailed on his tutor to bring  
“ him to see (as he said) poor old **DE**  
“ **VILLIERES.**” ‘ And I will tell you, sir,’  
said the dear youth to the tutor, (whom  
I have often heard repeat it) ‘ I will tell  
‘ you, sir, what I intend to do. The next  
‘ time my papa asks me, as he often does,  
‘ what

' what he shall do for his little boy, I will  
 ' get him to promise to give me what I  
 ' ask; and then I will desire him to let me  
 ' have workmen to build a pretty cottage  
 ' for **DE VILLIERES**, and to give him the  
 ' ground for ever and ever.' " At this  
 " time, our young master was not more  
 " than seven years old, but he kept his  
 " resolution. In a few weeks, this cottage  
 " was compleated, and my grandfather and  
 " his family came to live in it, on a small  
 " pension that this little benefactor pro-  
 " cured for him from his father. The  
 " young Chevalier and his worthy tutor  
 " came here every day; and while the  
 " latter used to sit with my grandfather,  
 " (who was very infirm and weak) the  
 " former employed himself and **GASTON**  
 " with ornamenting this pleasant spot: his  
 " little hands set down all those myrtles;  
 " he planted those vines; and often he  
 " has sat where you do now, Mademoiselle;

" eating the grapes that they bore, and  
 " telling **DE VILLIERES** how happy he  
 " was to see his good friends so contented,  
 " and so comfortable. It was about six  
 " years ago (and our young lord was  
 " then on his travels) that **GASTON** fell  
 " in love with and married a pretty girl,  
 " who lived in the next village, and she  
 " was the mother of those children.

" In spite of the cares of **SUZIETTE**,  
 " **GASTON**, and myself, our dear grand-  
 " father died; and my grandmother would  
 " have died too, but she desired to live  
 " once more to see her beloved young  
 " lord, and to give him her blessing. He  
 " came back to the country last spring;  
 " and though it was evening, and pretty  
 " dark and cold, as soon as he enquired  
 " of the servants for our family, and found  
 " that **DE VILLIERES** was dead, and his  
 " wife only waiting to see him, and fol-  
 " low her husband, he rode here. Had  
 " my

“ my grandmother been his own, Made-  
“ moiselle, he could not have behaved more  
“ tenderly to her; and because she said it  
“ gave her pleasure to have him near her  
“ in her dying moments, he sent back the  
“ servant, who had rode with him, to tell  
“ his father that he would remain with  
“ us all night. He staid, Madam, and  
“ witnessed the death of my only surviv-  
“ ing parent; as soon as it was morning,  
“ he went home, and sent a good woman,  
“ who was his father’s house-keeper, to us,  
“ to see that every thing right was done  
“ in regard to the funeral. The Cheva-  
“ lier soon afterwards went to his quar-  
“ ters; and during his absence, my dear  
“ GASTON lost his beloved SUZETTE.  
“ Ah! my poor brother! and ye, my sweet  
“ cherubs! what a day was that for ye all!  
“ My sister-in-law died in child-bed of  
“ this little girl, leaving GASTON half dis-  
“ tracted. When he grew a little calmer,  
“ I prevailed

" I prevailed on him to ask the mother of  
 " SUZETTE, a good widow, to come and  
 " live with him, determining myself to  
 " go to service; and he is now gone to  
 " bring her home. After he went, I was  
 " sitting here spinning with the child in  
 " the cradle beside me, when our dear  
 " Chevalier came to the gate. The boys  
 " ran to him, and taking a hand of each  
 " of them, he came up to me. He looked  
 " melancholy; and when I related to him  
 " how we had lost SUZETTE, tears stood  
 " in his eyes. He could not speak to me,  
 " but kissing the children, he gave me  
 " this bit of paper, and slipping his purse  
 " into my hand, he hastened away directly.  
 " He was but just gone, when you, Ma-  
 " demoiselle, came in; and here is the  
 " paper he gave me for GASTON."

As MADALINE concluded, she put the paper into ELINOR's hand; she saw it was the cover of a letter directed to the Che-  
 valier

valier DE ALLANVILLE, and written with a pencil in the well-known hand of HENRY, were these words:—

‘ Fate has been unkind to you, GASTON.  
 ‘ I sincerely partake in your grief, and if  
 ‘ you feel the restlessness of unhappiness,  
 ‘ join me at Vantose to-morrow.

‘ HENRY.’

“ Good heaven!” cried ELINOR, “ was  
 ‘ *he* your benefactor?” “ Even from  
 ‘ his childhood,” replied MADALINE, adding,  
 ‘ you no doubt remember him, Ma-  
 ‘ demoiselle?” “ Oh yes,” said ELINOR,  
 her eyes sparkling with pleasure, “ most  
 ‘ surely I do!”

MADALINE now rose, and laying the infant in the cradle, left the little inclosure, saying she would go and gather some fruit to entertain her visitor. When she was gone, ELINOR looked around her on the spot, consecrated (in her eye) from bearing throughout the traces of her lover’s  
 early

early benevolence. She pulled a sprig from one of the myrtle-trees he had planted, and placed it in her bosom, saying softly as she did it, " Ah! dear HENRY! best and most amiable of men! what pleasure I have derived from your goodness to those peasants! I will preserve this memorial of it, and cherish your image in my heart with more fondness than ever."

MADALINE now returned, with some fine fruit in a plane leaf, which she presented to ELINOR. " And here, Mademoiselle," said she, pulling down a bunch of grapes from the front of the cottage, " are the last of our grapes. I thought our Chevalier would have eaten them; but I am glad to have them for you, for they are very fine ones. Ah! Mademoiselle, if you knew M. HENRY —? But I think you said you did. How often has he talked to me of Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN; and when I told him how good you

‘ you were, and how handsome, he used to say, he would give the world to be acquainted with you.’

While MADALINE had been speaking, the sweetest tears she had ever shed fell from the eyes of ELINOR; who, now wishing to put an end to her visit, said, “ I thank you for your good-will, MADALINE. But since you wish to go to service, will you come and live with me, if I can gain my mother’s consent to the measure?” MADALINE joyfully agreed to the proposal, and ELINOR took her leave. On coming near the chateau, which she did by a shorter way shewn her by the cottager; as she was hastening through the shrubbery, she met DE JULIEN, who, putting her arm within his, walked on with her in silence. She was just going to give him an account of the little incident of the morning, when he prevented her, by saying, ‘ I have seen ALLAN-

‘ VILLE

‘VILLE since I parted with you, and have  
 ‘ been endeavouring to prevail on him to  
 ‘ return immediately to his quarters, since  
 ‘ I find M. LUSIGNAN will not even bear  
 ‘ to have him mentioned; and we can  
 ‘ hope no favour for him, but from time  
 ‘ and address.’

“ And I hope,” said ELINOR, tremu-  
 lously, “ your persuasions have not been  
 “ ineffectual?”

“ Do you really desire it?” enquired the  
 Marquis, fixing his penetrating eyes on  
 her face, which was covered with blushes,  
 from the consciousness of insincerity, since  
 she could not wish HENRY to be at a dis-  
 tance: but she replied, “ I certainly *ought*,  
 “ my Lord, to wish you might be obeyed  
 “ in every thing by those so much in-  
 “ debted to your friendship.”

“ Then ELINOR,” resumed he, “ I have  
 ‘ in part succeeded. HENRY has pro-  
 ‘ mised to return to Perpignan, when he  
 ‘ has

• has had one more interview with you.  
 • Will you see him? will you receive his  
 • farewell visit?"

“ Will I see him! Will I receive his  
 “ farewell!” repeated ELINOR, no longer  
 able to restrain her tears; “ Ah! my lord!  
 “ can I deny a request of his, that you do  
 “ not disapprove?” “ I really think you  
 “ ought to see him;” returned the Marquis;  
 “ with all that softness of soul, ALLAN-  
 “ VILLE has a warm and impetuous tem-  
 “ per; and should you refuse him this  
 “ gratification, which he so strenuously in-  
 “ fests on, it might urge him to adopt some  
 “ wild project or other, that might end in  
 “ the destruction of all his hopes. I have  
 “ already represented to him, that to meet  
 “ again would only harrafs your feelings;  
 “ and that you had better not meet, till  
 “ you were to part no more. It was in  
 “ vain, he was deaf to my reasonings: but  
 “ he has given me his word, not to distress  
 “ you

‘ you by shewing any of that vehemence  
‘ to which he is so apt to give way. On  
‘ this condition, I have promised to try to  
‘ prevail on you to indulge him; and have  
‘ appointed a place for your meeting about  
‘ a quarter of a mile from hence; shall  
‘ you fear to return from thence after sun-  
‘ set?’ “Under your protection, I may  
“certainly defy danger,” replied ELINOR.  
The Marquis thanked her for this delicate  
compliment, and promised to attend her  
to the place. ELINOR, however, felt as  
if she were doing wrong, and, conquering  
the desire she had to see HENRY, said,  
“But why must this meeting take place  
“at all? I see plainly that, though you  
“consent to it, you do not think it right  
“that it should; and certainly your friend  
“will listen to reason, and depart without  
“seeing me. If, (as I sadly forebode) I  
“am destined never to be his, this parting  
“will

“ will but embitter the lot of both.  
“ However, I will be guided by you.”

At that moment a servant came to the hall door, to call them to dinner, and the Marquis had only time to tell ELINOR in a whisper, that it must be, when they were obliged to sit down to table.

In the evening, both LUSIGNAN and his wife took care to leave *DE JULIEN* alone with his mistress. As soon as they were gone, he arose, and taking her hand, said, ‘ This is the time, ELINOR. Come—! ‘ for if I may trust to the intelligence of ‘ your countenance, delay will diminish ‘ your courage; and you must set my ‘ friend an example of fortitude.’

ELINOR, who was pale and trembling, proved plainly by her looks that she had none herself; but willing to shew *DE JULIEN* she was grateful for his kindness, and wished to merit it, she reached out her hand for a cloak that lay on the table.

The

The Marquis wrapped her in it, and putting her arm within his, led her out of the house in silence.

### CHAP. XXV.

But ah! the fatal hour was come,

That forced me from my dear :

My Lucy then through grief was dumb,

Nor spoke, but with a tear.

GRAVES.

THE place where HENRY was to meet their coming, was a pavillion, erected on the opposite bank of the river, close to which it stood; and had been used by the former inhabitants of the chateau, for little rural parties, when the heat of the weather made its sheltered situation agreeable: a rustic bridge, formed of rough-hewn trees, afforded a passage over the river. When ELINOR and DE JULIEN entered on the

narrow

narrow path which led to the pavillion, the sun was just setting with that glowing splendour it always does after a hot day in autumn. Its last declining rays glanced on the surrounding hills, and tinted the woods that clothed their sides, and covered the summits with gold. The Marquis and his fair companion involuntarily stopped, and fixed their eyes on the sublime beauty of the Western horizon; the latter, though she admired it, sighed: and when the sun sunk behind the hill that concealed its lustre, she exclaimed in an accent of sorrow, "So sets my sun of happiness! " Ah! who shall tell if *it* will ever rise again?"

As she said this, she raised her tearful eyes to the Marquis, who was affected sensibly by the melting tone of her voice, and the sadness of the idea.

"Fear it not, my beloved ELINOR!" cried he with feeling: she shook her head mournfully,

mournfully, and at that moment HENRY appeared in the walk before them. He flew to ELINOR, and passionately kissing her hand, thanked her a thousand times for her goodness, as he led her into the pavillion. Here she threw herself on a seat, and turning away her face, burst into tears. HENRY was at once pained and surprised: he sat down by her, saying tenderly, “ Why is this, my sweet ELINOR? Is it with tears and reluctance you meet your ALLANVILLE? What does this mean? ”

‘ Nothing,’ replied ELINOR, sobbing, and at the same time drawing away her hand which he had not power to detain. HENRY said, half reproachfully, “ And those tears arise from *nothing*! Ah! ELINOR, this coldness tells me whence is their source. We are going to part for a long, long time, and yet you will not look on me! you will not speak to me,

“ me, lest pity should make you guilty of  
“ a falsehood.”

“ Is this then,” said ELINOR, languidly,  
“ a time for unjust reproaches? Heaven  
“ knows if ever——”

“ Oh do not distract me by giving way  
“ to those apprehensions. We shall yet  
“ be happy.”

“ No, no!” sighed ELINOR, “ cease to  
“ think of happiness with me.”

“ And without you, I cannot think of  
“ life. But if you have indeed ceased to  
“ think of me with preference! If DE  
“ JULIEN has deceived me with false  
“ hopes, and I am no longer dear to you,  
“ I will not endure existence. No, love-  
“ liest and most beloved ELINOR! HENRY  
“ would by living reproach you with your  
“ inconstancy.”

ELINOR was unable to speak; her heart  
felt oppressed by an intolerable load of  
anguish; and she was sensible only of a  
with

wish for solitude, to indulge the sorrow that possessed her. She covered her face with one hand, and feebly struggled to disengage the other from the grasp of HENRY, who clung to it as the last pledge of the tenderness he now feared was lost for ever. He sought in her countenance a confirmation, or a contradiction of this idea; but it was averted. Stung by her apparent coldness, he flung her soft hand from him, saying, (as he rose from his seat) in a voice of passion and disdain, “ Go, then, “ deceitful, unfeeling girl! In a little time “ thy barbarity may revel on the grave of “ one who adored you: and for *that* reason “ son you destroyed him.”

“ Heavens, ALLANVILLE!” cried the Marquis, stopping him, (for he was leaving the pavillion) “ are you frantic?”

HENRY had before hardly seen him, and he now retorted, “ Does it become “ you, my lord, to insult the victim of “ your

" your successful love? Must you be a triumphant witness of a parting like this, and then deny me the consolation of solitude?" The Marquis resumed; " Your reason is disordered, HENRY, or you could not behave thus to those who love you. You may treat me with indignity, and I will bear it; but ELINOR must not have her feelings thus tortured by your frenzy. Where is that calmness you promised to preserve? Speak to this lunatic, my amiable sister; and teach him how to bear unavoidable evils with fortitude."

" HENRY!" said ELINOR, in a tone that operated like magic to sooth the tempest of emotions in his mind. He intreated her forgiveness, and that of his friend, and throwing his arms round her, while her head fell on his shoulder, he said mournfully, " Oh, ELINOR! must we indeed separate?"

‘ The separation,’ said the Marquis,  
‘ should not so violently affect either, since  
‘ it will be only temporary. Come, my  
‘ dear ELINOR: ALLANVILLE, you must  
‘ bid her adieu, for to stay longer will  
‘ but increase the sufferings of both, with-  
‘ out lessening your regrets for what is  
‘ now inevitable. Let this advice, which  
‘ I have till now deferred giving, sink  
‘ into both your minds. Put faith in  
‘ each other, and in your friend; let no  
‘ mean jealousy embitter your hours, and  
‘ beware that the demon of suspicion does  
‘ not find entrance into your bosoms. It  
‘ is the bane of peace; and has caused  
‘ many of the evils you have both suffered.  
‘ I mean not to reproach, but caution.  
‘ Had you, HENRY, been ingenuous with  
‘ me at an earlier period, my power of  
‘ serving you had been greater; and did  
‘ I love you less, I should despise a confi-  
‘ dence that was withheld till necessity  
‘ extorted

‘ extorted it. ELINOR, shall I say, that  
 ‘ you have also been to blame in your  
 ‘ reserve? — ’

“ I feel I have,” interrupted ELINOR,  
 “ but you shall not again have cause to  
 “ censure me.”

“ You are an angel!” cried the Marquis warmly, then turning to HENRY, he resumed, “ Farewell, my much-valued ALLANVILLE! and beware how you give cause of uneasiness to those who love you. I know you to be virtuous, affectionate, and brave; but I know that you are also warm and impetuous. Keep then a watchful eye over yourself, nor let me, when in a future (I hope not distant) time I bestow this beloved hand on you, breathe a sigh that you should have been even for a moment unworthy of her. Go, my friend, where your duty to your Prince calls you. Never let the image of this sweet maid be a

‘ moment absent from your thoughts,  
‘ and she will one day be yours.’

‘ Never,’ cried HENRY, with energy,  
as the Marquis concluded, ‘ can I forget  
‘ a mistress so angelic, or a friend so esti-  
‘ mable! Such, never man before pos-  
‘ sessed, and I will endeavour to imitate,  
‘ that I may deserve them. Farewell, DE  
‘ JULIEN! I leave all my hopes of felicity  
‘ in your charge. ELINOR——’

He would have bidden her also farewell,  
but was unable; he gazed on her for a  
moment, in speechless sorrow; and then,  
without either having pronounced a word,  
he made a violent effort, and tore himself  
away.

ELINOR felt as if he had gone from her  
for ever, and leaning on the Marquis, in-  
dulged with fast-flowing tears all the grief  
that hung so heavy on her heart.

“ No,” said she, in a low and broken  
voice, as the trees concealed HENRY from  
her

her view, " I feel that we shall meet no more!"

The Marquis, tenderly soothing her, intreated her not to cherish such melancholy ideas; but, though she forced a smile through her tears, this mournful presentiment bore her company to the chateau, nor could her reason for a long time banish it from her mind.

The next day, ELINOR mentioned to DE JULIEN the visit she had paid to the cottage of DE VILLIERES, and invited him to accompany her thither, in order to inform MADALINE of the success of the petition to Madame LUSIGNAN that she might wait on her daughter. The Marquis readily consented; and on their way ELINOR related to him how charmed she had been with HENRY's benevolence to those simple people. This introduced a conversation, in which DE JULIEN mentioned a thousand little traits of the cha-

racter of his friend, that, if possible, raised him higher in the estimation of his mistress. When they arrived at the cottage, they found MADALINE at work in the porch; and ELINOR had hardly time to inform her of the purport of her visit, when a good-looking young peasant came to the rail of the little court.

‘ Ah, GASTON!’ cried MADALINE, ‘ are you returned so soon! I thought you would have gone with our Chevalier.’

‘ I thought so too,’ replied the peasant, when he had saluted the strangers: ‘ but dear as my Chevalier is to me, the infant pledges of the love of my lost SUZIETTE are still dearer. As I lay awake last night at Vantose, I thought of my children, and fancied their dear mother would grieve, even in heaven, were I to abandon them. So, sister, you see me returned to them, to you, and to my good mother.’

The

The manly tenderness of this young peasant, his unaffected simplicity, and a something in his manner (like MADALINE's) infinitely above his station, charmed the Marquis, and ELINOR, who said, "I am come, my friend, to take your 'sister from you." 'She is highly honoured,' said GASTON, bowing; he at the same time took a letter from his pocket, and presenting it to ELINOR, added, 'My Chevalier, when I left him this morning, charged me with this; commanding me to put it into your own hands; or, if I could not see you, to deliver it to my lord the Marquis de JULIEN.'

ELINOR opened the letter, which contained these words:—

"Though so lately separated from you,  
"I cannot resist the temptation this opportunity of sending you a letter offers;

“ more especially, as I have a request to  
“ make that will excuse my presumption.

“ The person who will deliver this to  
“ you was in childhood my play-fellow,  
“ and in youth my companion. The cot-  
“ tage where the venerable DE VILLIERES  
“ dwelt, was a second home to me, and its  
“ inhabitants loved me with affection; but  
“ this leads not to my request.

“ GASTON has a sister, young and lovely  
“ enough to be esteemed handsome, even  
“ where ELINOR DE LUSIGNAN appears.  
“ She has lately lost the parent who che-  
“ rished her infant sweetnes, and the sister  
“ who consoled her for the death of her  
“ good grandmother. In her situation,  
“ she is exposed to many dangers, from  
“ which your protection may save her;  
“ your parents will not surely refuse you  
“ permission to befriend and take her home  
“ to you; she will think herself honoured  
“ by being allowed to wait on you; and  
“ by

" by affording her your countenance, you  
 " will gratify the ardent wishes of your  
 " HENRY. To any other woman but my  
 " ELINOR, I should not venture to make  
 " such a request; but you will, I know,  
 " judge of my motives with candour and  
 " truth. Adieu! gentlest, best, and most  
 " beloved of women. I need not charge  
 " you, ever to remember me, or recom-  
 " mend to DE JULIEN the care of my in-  
 " terest with his charming friend, who  
 " will pardon, if she cannot grant the re-  
 " quest of her devoted

" HENRY

" Chevalier DE ALLANVILLE.

" *Vantose, Sept. 29th, 17 . . .*

ELINOR, her eyes glistening with unop-  
 pressed feeling, put this letter into the  
 hands of the Marquis, who, smiling, read  
 it; and then turning to GASTON, said,  
 " Your Chevalier, my friend, has recom-  
 " mended MADALINE to Mademoiselle DE

“ LUSIGNAN as a fille de chambre.” “ He  
‘ has always been kind, my lord,” said  
GASTON. “ Where and when did you  
“ meet him,” enquired DE JULIEN. “ Yes-  
‘ terday evening at Vantosse, my lord. He  
‘ was here in the morning, and (MADA-  
‘ LINE told me) looked melancholy; my  
‘ dear Chevalier was then unhappy! He  
‘ who felt so kindly for the sorrows of  
‘ others, was then himself a sufferer, and  
‘ I could not do less than fly to him. Alas!  
‘ my lord, when I saw him he was changed  
‘ indeed: he had no longer that look of  
‘ health and gaiety he used to wear; but  
‘ he said he was well, and going to Per-  
‘ pignan. He wanted to take me with  
‘ him, and I consented to go; but I then  
‘ forgot almost my boys, my mother, and  
‘ my LOIVISON. This morning, however,  
‘ I could not resolve to go to a distance  
‘ from them; and so desired my Chevalier  
‘ would permit me to return home. He  
‘ was

‘ was too good, and too considerate, to  
 ‘ oppose my intentions; and after enqui-  
 ‘ ring of me how MADALINE intended to  
 ‘ dispose of herself, he wrote and gave me  
 ‘ that letter, which he desired I would  
 ‘ deliver to Mademoiselle ELINOR, if I  
 ‘ could meet her in her walks.’ GASTON  
 was silent, and the Marquis putting ten  
 louis into his hand, said, “ Accept that,  
 “ my friend, from one who loves your  
 “ Chevalier.”

He now led ELINOR away, satisfied, from  
 the account of GASTON, that HENRY bore  
 the separation from her with composure.



## CHAP. XXVI.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr 'lowers,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

GRAY.

FOR several days, nothing material occurred at Loncilles. MADALINE came to her new abode; and the Marquis continued to profess himself the lover of ELINOR to others, but when alone with her, he always led the conversation to the absent HENRY. At last, some material business called him from Loncilles, and he departed with promises of a speedy return. His resolution of going was taken suddenly

denly one morning at breakfast, when he received a letter. He immediately gave orders for his horse (a fine English hunter) to be got ready, and one servant to attend him, as his business demanded haste; but before he went, he had a private conference with LUSIGNAN; and went from the library where it was held immediately to mount his horse. ELINOR waited at the gate to see him depart; and he then said to her, as he saluted her, “ Adieu, “ my lovely, my amiable friend! My “ absence will be short, and my return, I “ hope, prosperous; remember me in your “ prayers, and doubt not my truth and “ tenderness.” ELINOR fancied those words had an ambiguous meaning, yet alluded to his hopes of seeing her united to HENRY; and as soon as the trees of the avenue prevented her watching him as he departed, she retired to her room, to indulge her tears; which flowed as they would

would have done at the separation from a beloved brother.

In about an hour, a servant brought a message from her father, commanding her attendance on him in the library. Trembling with apprehension from the unusual tenor of this message, ELINOR went, and found him with Madame, whose presence a little reassured her. ‘ Sit down,’ said LUSIGNAN: his daughter obeyed. There was a long silence, and then with increased sternness in his voice and aspect, LUSIGNAN resumed, ‘ I understand, Madam, that you design to honour me, by presenting me a son-in-law. But, mark me! no person shall be brought into my family except by myself. In compliance with your humour, I broke with the Count DE SANTERRE, and I will now have mine.’ To ELINOR, the first part of this speech was totally unintelligible, and the injustice of the charge in the latter

part

part confounded her extremely; but when LUSIGNAN added, ‘ How long, base girl, has this intrigue with your vile ALLANVILLE been carrying on?’ she lost all the little composure she had been able to assume, and burst into tears. Thinking them, however, beneath her, she took out her handkerchief to wipe them away, and prepared to defend herself from this cruel imputation. The character of LUSIGNAN has already been given, and it will not appear surprising, that, on so slight an occasion, he gave the reins to his violent passions; snatching the handkerchief from his trembling daughter, and flinging it into the fire, he loaded her with unmanly reproaches. ELINOR was too much terrified to speak, and he added, ‘ No tears, ‘ Madam! No affectation! Your sullenness either will avail you nothing; for I ‘ will be obeyed. Never from this moment presume even to *think* of the bas-  
‘ tard,

‘ tard, of my inveterate enemy; but pre-  
 ‘ pare to give your hand to the worthy  
 ‘ Marquis DE JULIEN, who, with unparal-  
 ‘ leled generosity, is still willing to marry  
 ‘ you; since I have sworn that, whether  
 ‘ you are his or not, you shall never be  
 ‘ the wife of that bastard ALLANVILLE.’

ELINOR, gentle as her temper had ever  
 been, was not one of those weak and timid  
 spirits that no injury can rouse. The  
 brutal violence of LUSIGNAN made her  
 cease to respect him, and she said with calm  
 dignity, (when he enquired why she did  
 not answer him:) “ What, sir, can I say,  
 “ that will not be either false and unjust,  
 “ or undutiful? The first, nothing shall  
 “ induce me to be; the last, sir, I fear you  
 “ mean to force me to, by revilings as  
 “ cruel as unjust.”

LUSIGNAN, who thought ELINOR would  
 have been ready to shrink into the earth,  
 was more than ever irritated at her calm-  
 ness,

ness, and cried, ‘ How! unworthy little  
 ‘ wretch, dost thou presume to hope, that  
 ‘ thou shalt escape from my power, and  
 ‘ wed thy base-born lover? But though  
 ‘ for thyself I care not what becomes of  
 ‘ thee, yet thou shalt not disgrace me by  
 ‘ such a proceeding; insignificant as thou  
 ‘ art, I will deign to punish thee! In ten  
 ‘ days the Marquis will be here, and has  
 ‘ himself desired you may be delivered up  
 ‘ to him the morning after he arrives;  
 ‘ a priest shall be at hand, whom neither  
 ‘ cries nor pleadings shall prevent tying  
 ‘ the knot—Go, now to your chamber!’

ELINOR had by this time lost the power  
 of motion from excessive terror; all her  
 faculties seemed suspended; she sat by a  
 table, supporting her head on her hand,  
 and LUSIGNAN taking her insensibility for  
 fullness, snatched away the table on  
 which she leaned: her vacant eyes were  
 bent on him for a moment, and then  
 shuddering

shuddering convulsively, she fell lifeless on the floor. LUSIGNAN then left the room, and Madame flew to the insensible ELINOR, and tried every means for her recovery. When she had succeeded, the fair sufferer looked around her, evidently incapable of recollection; she then put her hand to her forehead, and remained a few minutes in that posture, as if trying to recall to mind what had passed; but immediately giving a faint scream, she again fainted. All common remedies were tried in vain by Madame and the servants, (whom her cries had brought to her assistance.) ELINOR was carried to bed; and it was some hours before she gave any other sign of life but faint breathings. At last she came to herself, and found her mother sitting on her bedside, holding one of her hands, and watching anxiously her returning senses. She had now a perfect recollection of all that had passed previous to her fainting.

fainting, and seeing that Madame looked  
 on her with pity, she threw her arms round  
 her, and shed a torrent of tears into her  
 bosom. The agitation she had suffered  
 brought on a low fever, that for some days  
 confined her to her room; which, indeed,  
 she did not wish to leave. On the sixth  
 day of her illness, Madame, after some  
 preliminary discourse, said, ‘ I should be  
 ‘ sorry, my dear ELINOR, to be the bearer  
 ‘ of commands, that you might think  
 ‘ harsh; but your father is extremely in-  
 ‘ censed at the long delay of the conces-  
 ‘ sions he expected for your obstinacy in  
 ‘ your last conference with him.’ ELI-  
 NOR interrupted her, “ What concessions,  
 “ Madam, are demanded of me?”  
 “ Your father, my love, expects that  
 ‘ you will make an apology for your be-  
 ‘ haviour, and consent, with cheerfulness,  
 ‘ to marry the Marquis; and on those  
 ‘ conditions will consider you as his  
 ‘ daughter,

‘ daughter, and pardon your undutiful  
‘ conduct in regard to this ALLANVILLE.’

“ To apologize for my behaviour,” said  
ELINOR, mildly, “ would imply a consci-  
“ ousness that I was wrong; and a repen-  
“ tance I cannot feel. To marry the  
“ Marquis, is not in my power! I cannot  
“ be his without a crime.” “ So,” said  
Madame, “ to avoid a chimerical crime,  
“ you would commit a real one; and, in  
“ defiance of your parents, throw yourself  
“ away on one whom they can never  
“ think of without *abhorrence!*” in Delancy?

“ No, Madam,” replied ELINOR, “ I  
“ never had such an idea; I would not wil-  
“ fully disobey you; but the most sacred  
“ vows bind me to the Chevalier DE AL-  
“ LANVILLE; and though I cannot be his,  
“ I must not be another’s.” in New York?

“ How, devoted girl!” cried Madame,  
“ lost to prudence and discretion! is it  
“ possible, that you can have formed en-  
“ gagements

'gagements so sacred, with a person whom  
 'you scarcely know? Ah, return thanks  
 'to heaven, for saving you from destruc-  
 'tion! Paternal authority absolves you of  
 'those vows that love and madness dic-  
 'tated; and your happiness is at the same  
 'time secured, by your union with the  
 'Marquis.'

"Impossible, my dear mother!" replied  
 ELINOR, "could I even consent to be his;  
 "is a heart yet bleeding with another, and  
 "a fatal attachment, worthy of his accept-  
 "ance? but let my destiny be what it may,  
 "I will not provoke wretchedness, by  
 "uniting myself to one whom I cannot  
 "either esteem or love. Once I would  
 "joyfully have given my hand as you now  
 "command me; but the Marquis had not  
 "been guilty of the most cruel treachery  
 "to the man he calls his friend, and the  
 "woman he professes to regard."

ELINOR,

“ ELINOR, ELINOR,” cried Madame, impatiently, “ you are unjust to your worship thy lover. He has your honour and happiness at heart, or he would not (as he has done) offer to marry you, notwithstanding your indiscretion, which must indeed be glaring, to induce him to take notice of it, and to request——”

“ If, Madam,” interrupted ELINOR, with some haughtiness, “ he believes me guilty of indiscretions, he is in the wrong to intrust his honour to one so careless of her own. And tell him, Madam, (when you convey my rejection to him) that ELINOR DE LUSIGNAN, abject as he supposes her, would not give her hand to a Prince, who could meanly steal her confidence to stigmatize her fame! Nor could she ever feel any thing but contempt and detestation of the man, who, by sinking her in the eyes of others, would compel her to hide her shame in a mar-

“a marriage with him.” ELINOR never looked so beautiful as at that moment: the glow of injured pride and delicacy mantled on her late pale cheek in hectic scarlet; her eyes, usually soft and mild, sparkled with eagerness and disdain; and her whole figure (in spite of the *fragility* illness had given it) conveyed an idea of conscious dignity, which (though unusual) became her. Madame DE LUSIGNAN looked at her gentle and complying daughter with astonishment. She was not mistress enough of the knowledge of the human mind, to see that ELINOR’s was a temper that might be wrought on by tenderness, while harshness only roused her slumbering passions; she now said resentfully, ‘ Deluded ‘ ELINOR! rush then, if you will, head- ‘ long to destruction. I would have saved ‘ you from the rage of your father: but ‘ I can no longer oppose him.’ ELINOR forgot in a moment all her firmness; she knelt

knelt to her mother to intreat her pardon: but Madame, greatly irritated, left the room with a haughty air. ELINOR then rose from her knees, and gave full vent to those tears and sighs that anguish and disappointment wrung from her heart.

MADALINE soon afterwards entered the room, and lamenting the altered looks of her mistress, added, ‘ But the sun is so bright just now, that I think a walk in the garden would do you good.’

‘ Perhaps it might, MADALINE; but it is cold.’

‘ Ah, dear lady!’ said MADALINE, shaking her head, ‘ sorrow chills the heart, and we think the summer cold. When we are not happy, even the elements seem unkind, as well as man.’

ELINOR, pretending not to hear this observation, (which was delivered with energy and feeling) took her cloak and veil, and desiring MADALINE to assist her with her arm, left the room to go and walk.

On the stairs they met LUSIGNAN  
 “ Whither now, Madam?” said he to his  
 daughter, who meekly replied, that she  
 was going to try if the air would be of  
 service to her.

“ To conquer your obstinacy,” he re-  
 joined with bitterness, “ would be more  
 “ to your advantage; but since you re-  
 “ fuse to obey me, by marrying the man  
 “ I command you; I am justified in taking  
 “ every precaution, that you may not fly  
 “ into the arms of a base-born adventurer.  
 “ Go to your chamber, and do not pre-  
 “ sume to stir from thence, unless sum-  
 “ moned by me.”

ELINOR bowed in token of submission,  
 and was obeying, when LUSIGNAN roughly  
 seized MADALINE (on whom his daughter  
 leaned) by the shoulder, saying, “ And  
 “ you, my Princess! let me have no ten-  
 “ der condolences with you; no convey-  
 “ ing love-letters! Do you hear me?”

MADALINE, somewhat angrily, disengaging herself from his grasp, said sharply as she did so, ‘ My mistress is much too amiable to justify by imprudence suspicion and tyranny!’

LUSIGNAN thought proper not to hear this pointed rebuke, or to see the air of scorn that MADALINE wore for a moment, and turned on his heel; while ELINOR, who dreaded that the warmth of this amiable girl would cause her dismission, hurried with her back to her chamber. When the door was shut, ‘ Mademoiselle!’ said MADALINE, half gaily, half apprehensive, with the air of one who fears having given offence, but does not choose to own their fear. “ MADALINE,” said ELINOR, with a sort of angry gravity in her manner, very unusual to her, “ you have highly offended me by your behaviour to my father; however we may differ, it does not become me to hear him treated with disrespect.” ‘ Do

‘ Do not be angry with me, my dear Madam,’ said MADALINE, ‘ since I cannot repent what I have said. I cannot bear the thought of your being treated like a criminal, for being sensible of the merit of the best and most deserving of men; one whose only fault is being the son of an abandoned monster.’

MADALINE’s manner was now divested of much of the simplicity that so much distinguished it; but ELINOR hardly observed it, saying, with a deep blush, “ Heavens! what do you mean?”

‘ That the young Count DE SANTERRE would not be unworthy of making you his.’

“ The young Count DE SANTERRE!” cried ELINOR.

‘ Yes, Madam. The Chevalier HENRY is no base-born adventurer! he is the legitimate son of the vile SANTERRE, by one of the loveliest women in the

‘ world. She lived in this very chateau,  
 ‘ and here she died. Alas! poor lady!  
 ‘ she came I fear to an untimely end. My  
 ‘ grandfather has often told us the whole  
 ‘ story, and it was a moving one. When  
 ‘ I ceased to weep for ST. CROIX — ’

The face of MADALINE was in a moment suffused with blushes; but after a little hesitation, she took ELINOR’s hand, saying, ‘ I have mentioned ST. CROIX,  
 ‘ Madam, and I fear you will think, that  
 ‘ I feel a consciousness of impropriety in  
 ‘ regard to him. It is true that I did not  
 ‘ intend ever to pronounce his name; but  
 ‘ since I have done so, if you will permit  
 ‘ me to relate my little story, I hope your  
 ‘ good opinion of me will remain un-  
 ‘ shaken.’ ELINOR would, perhaps, rather have heard her speak of HENRY; but there was something in the artless candour of the really lovely MADALINE, that could not fail to interest her, and she  
 said

faid tenderly, “ Believe me, my dear girl,  
 “ that it is not a little thing will make me  
 “ think you leſs amiable than I do; there-  
 “ fore, if it gives you a moment’s pain,  
 “ the curiosity you have raised, shall re-  
 “ main unsatisfied; otherwise, I should be  
 “ glad to hear that part of your story  
 “ which I am yet unacquainted with. If  
 “ you choose to speak, let us sit together  
 “ at this frame, and do you begin.”

MADALINE blushed deeper than be-  
 fore; but hanging down her head over  
 her work (of which, however, she could  
 not distinguish a single flower) she thus  
 began her simple narrative of events long  
 since past.



## CHAP. XXVII.

Yes, dear Indifference! thee I know,  
The friend of bliss, and not the foe.

‘ FROM the time,’ said MADALINE,  
‘ that the Chevalier HENRY procured for  
‘ us that pretty cottage where you found  
‘ me, I have already said, that he came  
‘ constantly to see us. He used to teach  
‘ my brother GASTON, every thing he  
‘ learned from his tutor who used also to  
‘ be very kind in instructing him. GAS-  
‘ TON, who loved me tenderly, always  
‘ shared with me the advantages he reaped  
‘ from the kindness of his young master.  
‘ One day I remember M. HENRY came  
‘ in suddenly, and found me reading; he  
‘ asked me some questions relative to my  
‘ studies,

' studies, and then said, " Well, MADA-  
 " LINE, since you so much wish to im-  
 " prove yourself, to-morrow I will bring  
 " you some books proper for you, and if  
 " my good mother DE VILLIERES gives  
 " me leave, I will in future instruct you."  
 ' With such a tutor as my Chevalier, I  
 ' could not fail to improve; I was soon  
 ' pretty well versed in the works of the  
 ' best writers in my own language; and  
 ' was not entirely ignorant of the Italian.  
 ' During his absence, which soon took  
 ' place, I did not neglect his lessons, and  
 ' at last he returned to the Count's sporting  
 ' lodge in this country. I was then about  
 ' seventeen, and had never seen any young  
 ' men, but M. HENRY and GASTON, so  
 ' what happened then is no way wonder-  
 ' ful. The Chevalier soon came to visit  
 ' us, and when I went out into the little  
 ' court to welcome him, I saw that he was  
 ' accompanied by a gentleman in the same

uniform with himself, who, on my approach, whispered something to him. Surprised and apprehensive, I scarcely knew why, I was retiring without having spoken; when our dear Chevalier took me by the hand, and having enquired how I was, said with a smile to his companion: "This, ST. CROIX, is my pretty pupil, and one of the best girls in the world." "Hitherto, I had always felt proud when M. HENRY praised me; but now it only made me blush; and I was still more embarrassed when M. ST. CROIX exclaimed, "With so much beauty, goodness were almost superfluous." "My grandmother had early taught me the folly of vanity; and though this was the first compliment ever paid me on my person, it was far from giving me pleasure; and I drew away from the person who had so warmly commended me. M. HENRY said something

‘ thing to his friend, and laughed, as I  
 ‘ fancied, at me; which, for the first time  
 ‘ in my life, made me feel displeased with  
 ‘ him, and wish him away; but I did not  
 ‘ dare to retire, lest I should be questioned  
 ‘ as to my motives for doing so. When  
 ‘ our visitors were going away, M. ST.  
 ‘ CROIX, though I endeavoured to avoid  
 ‘ him, again took my hand, and said softly,  
 “ Adieu! gentle MADALINE! never till  
 “ now have I felt the power of love.”  
 ‘ He said this with an air perfectly serious;  
 ‘ but the next moment whistled to a little  
 ‘ dog (belonging to M. HENRY) that  
 ‘ was with them, and walked away hum-  
 ‘ ming a tune.

‘ M. DE ST. CROIX was a year or two  
 ‘ older than our Chevalier, and if his per-  
 ‘ son was not so very handsome, there was  
 ‘ a vivacity in his air, and a fire in his  
 ‘ eyes, that I have seldom seen equalled.  
 ‘ He was the gayest, the most inconsiderate

‘ creature in the world; and no impression  
‘ seemed to remain longer on his mind,  
‘ than that which had caused it was in his  
‘ sight; his temper was hasty; and if  
‘ contradicted, his conduct acquired a sta-  
‘ bility in opposition, that nothing else  
‘ could give it. Believe me, Madam, no  
‘ resentment of his behaviour to me im-  
‘ pels me to speak thus of him, but justice  
‘ to his real character, which, though  
‘ excentric, was amiable. During some  
‘ months that he spent in the country,  
‘ not a day elapsed that he did not come  
‘ to our cottage, sometimes accompanied  
‘ by our Chevalier, and sometimes alone.  
‘ My grandfather was very fond of him,  
‘ for he had been in the last campaign, (my  
‘ grandfather was once a soldier) and used  
‘ to talk to him of the events and progres  
‘ of the war France was then carrying on.  
‘ One day ST. CROIX surprised me  
‘ alone; and seating himself beside me,  
‘ told

‘ told me abruptly that he loved me to  
‘ distraction. I own to you, my dear  
‘ Madam, that, though this declaration  
‘ astonished me, it gave me pleasure, for I  
‘ had long before yielded my heart to the  
‘ tender and delicate attentions that my  
‘ lover contrived (without observation) to  
‘ pay me. At this time, however, I tried  
‘ to conceal my emotion, and asked if he  
‘ was jesting? “ Jesting! my sweet MA-  
“ DALINE,” cried he, catching both my  
hands, and speaking with vehemence:  
“ upon my soul I am serious, and I can-  
“ not, nor will not, live without you.”  
‘ Young and inexperienced as I was, my  
‘ beloved parent had taught me enough of  
‘ the world to know that his intentions  
‘ were dishonourable; and, giving way to  
‘ my artless sorrow, I burst into tears.  
‘ Hardly less agitated than myself, he asked  
‘ me wherefore I wept, when he proposed  
‘ to make me Madame ST. CROIX? I

‘ saw

‘ saw but too plainly, that he was deceiving  
‘ me, and love for a moment giving way  
‘ to indignation, I said, This is too much,  
‘ sir, to add contempt and falsehood to  
‘ cruelty; and having insulted me by de-  
‘ clarations so improper for us both, you  
‘ attempt to make me believe you would  
‘ raise the humble MADALINE to your  
‘ wife. He then swore that he despised  
‘ the censures of the world, when his own  
‘ heart told him he was right; and said he  
‘ saw no reason why I should suffer my-  
‘ self to be the dupe of illiberal prejudice;  
‘ with a great deal more of those equivo-  
‘ cal speeches, that still left me in doubt  
‘ as to his intentions, whether they were  
‘ honourable or not. His levity shocked  
‘ me extremely, and I insisted on his giv-  
‘ ing me my liberty, (for he had almost by  
‘ force kept me in my seat) and told him  
‘ that if he persisted in such cruel and im-  
‘ proper conduct, I would not only in-  
‘ form

form my parents, but M. HENRY of his behaviour. He seemed to stand in awe of the Chevalier, and on his promising never more to talk to me of love, I was prevailed on to forgive, and conceal, what had passed. For some days that he came as usual to our cottage the thoughtless gaiety of his conduct (which seemed lately to be suspended) was restored. He played a thousand sportive tricks with my grandmother, who could not be displeased with any thing he did; and was in short the same ST. CROIX, who, sprightly and volatile, was at first so pleasing. What I felt in this interval is hard to be described: I loved him passionately, and felt severely wounded that he should, even in compliance with my own injunctions, treat me with indifference. Every hour served to convince me how very dear he was to me; and how unequal I should be to resisting his intreaties

‘ intreaties (were he to employ them) to  
‘ induce me to be his. But he did not  
‘ seem likely to put me to the proof, since  
‘ even when we happened to be left tête-  
‘ a-tête, he was not more serious than at  
‘ any other time. One day he was talking  
‘ to me in a strain of his usual careless free-  
‘ dom, when all my efforts to be as gay  
‘ as himself failing, I burst into tears. He  
‘ looked surprised, and eagerly catching  
‘ my hand, said with emotion, “ MADA-  
“ LINE, I could bear my own tortures,  
“ and even seem cheerful under them, but  
“ your tears are too much for me. I am  
‘ miserable from my fervent attachment  
“ to you, yet so long as I imagined you  
“ were happy, I did not complain. Your  
“ dejection, your sighs, tell me you are far  
“ from being at peace; and lead me to  
“ hope you love me, and pity the agonies  
“ your coldness has given rise to.” ‘ Ah!  
‘ Madam! it was but too true! And I  
‘ found

‘ found it impossible to conceal from ST. CROIX, how irrevocably my heart was his. He urged me to consent to a private marriage; but that, duty and gratitude to my parents forbade, and I thought that when I had owned to ST. CROIX how much I loved him, I was content to wait till something should happen in my favour. A few mornings after this, I was sitting in an arbour in the garden, when I heard M. HENRY and my brother talking near me. GASTON enquired why M. ST. CROIX had not come to our cottage for the two past days? M. HENRY answered that his friend was not well, adding, “Have you ever observed in ST. CROIX a design on the heart of your sister?” ‘No, my lord,’ said GASTON, ‘what reason have you to imagine he takes more particular notice of MADALINE, than is consistent with propriety?’

“ Numberless

“ Numberless reasons,” returned M. HENRY, “ nor am I by any means clear “ that she is not very partial to him. She “ has of late been more pensive than usual; “ and is, I think, grown thin and pale. “ As for ST. CROIX, his gaiety is en- “ tirely lost, and the native candour of “ his disposition has to me been of late “ obscured.” GASTON now interrupted M. HENRY, and said something in a very “ angry tone; but my own name, and that “ of my lover, were alone distinct.” “ My “ dear GASTON!” cried M. HENRY, “ be “ pacified. MADALINE is not to blame. “ It is I only who have been imprudent, “ in introducing ST. CROIX to your “ peaceful dwelling. Your sister is too “ amiable, and he too pleasing, to meet “ without danger to their peace; and I “ ought to have foreseen and guarded “ against the consequences that have arisen. “ My friend, I am sorry to say, has chosen “ his

“ his servant as a confidant in this business;  
“ and the fellow has betrayed him to the  
“ very person, whom, least of all others,  
“ he would wish it to be known to; since  
“ he knows my affection for him too well  
“ not to fear reprobation for such con-  
“ duct. This affair has, altogether, cost  
“ me many uneasy hours. It is absolutely  
“ necessary to the peace of your sister, to  
“ separate him from her, since there can  
“ be no hopes of their ever being united;  
“ for the Viscount DE ST. CROIX would  
“ be enraged at the thought of his dark-  
“ ing and only son having bestowed his  
“ heart on MADALINE.”

‘ I heard no more, Madam, for they  
‘ now walked away, and as I was thinking  
‘ on what M. HENRY had said, ST. CROIX  
‘ appeared before me. He was much al-  
‘ tered in so short a time: his vivacity was  
‘ indeed lost, and he took my hand in  
‘ silence. To describe the scene that en-  
‘ sued

‘ sued is beyond my powers. ST. CROIX  
‘ vehemently pressed me to elope with  
‘ him, and to give him my hand, but in  
‘ vain. I told him he was much too dear  
‘ to me, for me to be able to bear the  
‘ sight of him, struggling with misfortunes  
‘ I had brought on him; or behold him  
‘ the object of the world’s contempt, for  
‘ having bestowed his name on an obscure  
‘ peasant. He accused me of coldness,  
‘ and told me I only waited his absence to  
‘ bestow my hand on some rustic hind;  
‘ but my resolution was not to be over-  
‘ come, though I readily promised, since  
‘ I could not be his, never to be another’s;  
‘ at the same time extorting from him an  
‘ engagement to leave the country when  
‘ M. HENRY went, (which was to be in  
‘ two days) without attempting to see me.  
‘ We then parted, and we met no more.  
‘ GASTON was at first very harsh to me  
‘ about my imprudence; but my dear  
‘ parents

‘ parents did all they could to sooth and  
‘ console me, especially when ST. CROIX  
‘ married, which he soon did. I might  
‘ have married too, but could not bear the  
‘ thought of violating the promise I had  
‘ given to remain single. But in this I  
‘ had no merit, for the young men who  
‘ offered themselves to me were illiterate  
‘ clowns; and though one in particular  
‘ was very amiable, his gross ignorance  
‘ would prevent my ever loving or re-  
‘ specting him as I ought. Had ST.  
‘ CROIX never existed, I might perhaps  
‘ have internally reproached M. HENRY  
‘ for giving me an education superior to  
‘ my rank in life, since it could not pro-  
‘ cure me respect from others, or make  
‘ me happy in myself. Madame DE ST.  
‘ CROIX has been some time dead, and my  
‘ former lover is now not only single, but  
‘ (by the death of the old lord) Viscount  
‘ DE ST. CROIX; yet from thence I  
‘ derive

‘ derive neither hopes nor wishes. If he  
 ‘ still loves me, which his having married  
 ‘ another makes me (for his honour)  
 ‘ hope he does not, and were to offer me  
 ‘ his hand, I should reject it on pretty  
 ‘ nearly the same principles I did before.  
 ‘ I have promised, and therefore never  
 ‘ will be another’s, but I no longer love  
 ‘ ST. CROIX; and if I blushed on first  
 ‘ naming him, it was from the recollection  
 ‘ of a former error, and the dread of  
 ‘ your condemnation.’

“ Ah, MADALINE!” cried ELINOR,  
 “ who shall presume to condemn conduct  
 “ so faultless as yours? I feel how in-  
 “ nitely superior you are to me, and in-  
 “ treat you to permit me to be your friend!  
 “ Advise, counsel me, in all my difficulties,  
 “ and teach me to imitate the heroism  
 “ you have shewn.”

MADALINE gave to the generous  
 warmth of ELINOR what the repetition  
 of

of her own sad story had not cost her, and wept on her bosom. When they both were a little more composed, MADALINE said, ‘ And now, Mademoiselle, ‘ I must leave you, to go and assist MARA-  
‘ THON. But as soon as M. LE COMPTE  
‘ (who dines here) is gone, I will return  
‘ and tell you every thing I know of the  
‘ Chevalier DE ALLANVILLE’s mother.’

While she was speaking, MADALINE had opened the door, and now going out, shut it and hastened down stairs. ELINOR, who directly concluded that the expected visitor was her persecutor le Compte DE SANTERRE, became so extremely sick, that leaning her head against the frame of the window by which she sat, she had almost fainted. In a few moments she tried to recall her ideas, which the dread of the Count being in the house had nearly dissipated.

“ Good,

“ Good heaven!” cried she at last, “ what can this mean?” But her attempts to reconcile those evident incongruities that presented themselves to her agitated mind, were in vain: she could form no connected idea, but one of terror inexpressible from the expectation of seeing a person who had proved her most cruel enemy, and who was, she much feared, guilty of crimes too horrible for recollection.

Her dinner was brought up to her by **THERESA**, a silly country girl; who, if **ELINOR** had asked her any questions, could hardly answer them rationally; or if she could, from her speaking the patois of the country, **ELINOR** would scarcely have understood her. But her mind was too full of terror and perplexity to talk, and having tried to eat and failed, she sent away the servant, desiring that **MADALINE** might come to her as early as possible. When once more alone, **ELINOR** endeavoured

voured to look forward to her future destiny with courage; but, alas! it was impossible; and she then, to amuse her mind, turned her thoughts towards the promised communication of MADALINE respecting HENRY's mother. It had so happened that she had never heard the report that he was the natural son of SANTERRE; and therefore was the more surprised to hear that he was his legitimate child. She soon began to think that MADALINE made a very tedious delay in coming to her; she opened the door, looked along the gloomy gallery, obscured by the dusk of evening, and listened in hopes to hear her coming. She heard voices indistinctly from below, and even fancied the much-dreaded one of the Count was louder than the rest; she advanced a little to be certain; the (in the habitation of LUSIGNAN) unusual sound of merriment proceeded from the hall,

but

but suddenly recollecting herself, ELINOR shuddered, and said softly, “ In those “ chambers, perchaps—holy Virgin!—”

Returning to her own room, she felt a superstitious awe stealing on her senses, and went to the window in hopes of dissipating it. It was October, and the evening was then quite shut in, it was entirely dark, except what little light the moon (scarcely risen) afforded; and even that was often obscured by the heavy clouds that a high wind blew in floating volumes, athwart the sky. ELINOR now and then caught a transient view of the towers of the neighbouring monastery; and, as she stood at the window, remembered the night she had been forced from her home, when she had (as she was now doing) watched the gathering tempest. But her thoughts were soon called from the contemplation of the past to the present, by a shadow that she observed stealing along the

the verge of the woods that skirted the lawn. She watched it, and soon perceived it was a man, for he now came nearer the house; the outlines of his figure were not discernible, from a roquelaire that he wore, and baffled her attempts to discover who he was. His form was slender, and remarkably tall; from whence she knew he could not be HENRY, who was very little above the common stature. The Marquis DE JULIEN was rather taller than him; but could he even have any reason for coming thus, the person (who was now leaning against a tree about twenty yards from the terrace) was not large enough to be taken for him; while he remained on the same spot, a gust of wind blew up the leaf of his hat, which concealed his face; he raised his hand to adjust it, and as he was again folding the roquelaire close round his body, a bright gleam of moonshine, that darted full on

it, shewed that he held a drawn sword under his arm. But in spite of this hostile appearance, his air and carriage prevented ELINOR from concluding him a robber, or at least a common one. Seeming to dread observation, he started from his musing posture and disappeared; but the next minute, emerging from the shade of some trees on the right, he ascended the terrace. Here he walked backwards and forwards some time beneath the windows, often stopping in the attitude of listening. ELINOR was terrified; and unable either to open the window to speak to him, or to quit it, she continued to gaze on the mysterious figure, till coughing hoarse and hollow, he hurried away, and only his shadow was seen gliding along the ground to the woods.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

..... Sorrow's weeping train,  
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate.

GRAT.

WHEN ELINOR had so far overcome her terror as to be able to move, she struck a light, and sat down to ruminant on past events. HENRY, as usual, soon became uppermost in her thoughts; she reflected on his distance from her, and wept at the remembrance how totally impossible it was to let him know her danger before she was forced into a marriage with his perfidious friend.

“ HENRY! we meet no more!” sighed she involuntarily. MADALINE now came up stairs, and ELINOR eagerly enquired if DE SANTERRE was gone away? Ma-

DALINE looked surprised, and answered,  
 ‘ He has not been here, Madam. There  
 ‘ was no company but M. LE COMPTE,  
 ‘ the lawyer, from Prilieu.’

ELINOR was displeased with herself for having indulged groundless alarms; and calling on MADALINE for the promised relation, she thus began it:—

‘ Above twenty years ago, this chateau  
 ‘ was in the possession of the Count DE  
 ‘ SANTERRE, and kept in a very princely  
 ‘ stile; though seldom visited by its mas-  
 ‘ ter, who resided chiefly in a house that  
 ‘ he had among the Pyrenneés on the bor-  
 ‘ ders of Spain. One spring, however,  
 ‘ he came down here, and brought a young  
 ‘ lady with him. It was evening when  
 ‘ the coach stopped at the gate; the Count  
 ‘ got out, and offered his hand to his  
 ‘ companion, who, shrieking violently,  
 ‘ fainted away. My grandfather was at  
 ‘ that time gardener at the chateau; so he  
 ‘ went

went out to welcome his master, whom  
 he saw lift the lady out of the carriage,  
 and carry her into the hall, whither he  
 followed with some others of the servants.  
 It was a long time before she recovered,  
 and when she did, she wept bitterly;  
 and when the Count spoke to her, an-  
 swered in a language my grandfather did  
 not understand. The housekeeper was  
 standing by, and to her the Count said,  
 BONNEVILLE, this lady is your mistress,  
 and my wife. She scarcely speaks or  
 understands any French; but you must  
 be attentive to her motions. You un-  
 derstand me." He then said some-  
 thing to the lady in her own language,  
 and left the hall. Madame BONNEVILLE  
 then led her mistress into the apartments  
 of the East wing, and my grandfather  
 saw no more of her till the next day,  
 when she came into the garden, where  
 he was at work. My grandfather has

often described her to us, as the most  
beautiful and graceful of women; but  
at that time she was pale, and her eyes  
looked as if she had been weeping.  
When she came to where he was, she  
took the nosegay he presented to her,  
and, throwing a little gold coin into his  
hat, went away. For upwards of three  
weeks, she continued to walk regularly  
every day in the garden; always stopping  
wherever my grandfather was, and often  
speaking to him in imperfect French.  
One day she had the traces of tears on  
her cheeks, and after some hesitation,  
she said, “*DE VILLIERES!*” and then  
seemed irresolute whether or not to say  
more. My grandfather asked her, what  
he should do to serve her? but she ap-  
peared as if at a loss how to express her-  
self, so as to be understood; and point-  
ing to the window of her closet, said  
only, “*Au coucher du soleil,*” and left  
the

' the spot, anxiously looking round her, as  
 ' if fearful of some one observing her.  
 ' My grandfather took what she had said  
 ' as an intimation for him to go to that  
 ' window at sunset; and imagined it pro-  
 ' bable, that she wanted to send him with  
 ' a letter or message to her friends, as the  
 ' chamber-maid (who had often seen it)  
 ' had told him that the Count behaved  
 ' very ill to his lovely lady. When it  
 ' grew duskish, my grandfather went, as  
 ' he propos'd doing, to the window. I  
 ' dare say you remember it, Madam, it is  
 ' an oriel window of a large closet, in the  
 ' range of apartments below these. He  
 ' staid there some time expecting to see  
 ' the Countess, but to no purpose; and as  
 ' he dared not call or make any noise to  
 ' tell her he was there, he went away.  
 ' Returning past the same window, as it  
 ' was quite dark, and there were lights in  
 ' the closet, he looked in. The lady was

fitting alone at a small table writing, but  
she often laid down her pen, and taking  
up a little picture that lay by her, she  
would kiss it and weep over it; and as  
fast as her tears fell on the glass, she  
wiped them off with a handkerchief, that  
she frequently put to her eyes. He then  
saw her get up, and traverse her closet  
with a disordered air, and stopping be-  
fore a beautiful painting that hung over  
the table (it represented a cousin of the  
Count's), she fixed her eyes on it, and  
clasping her hands on her bosom, seemed  
in an agony of grief; she then went to  
an altar that was opposite the window,  
but had hardly knelt down before she  
started up again, and running to the table  
huddled her papers and the little picture  
into a drawer. She then opened the  
door, and the Count came in in a violent  
rage at something; he spoke very loud,  
and seemed once or twice to be going to  
strike

' strike his beautiful lady, who was weeping  
 ' the whole time; he then took her  
 ' roughly by the arm, and dragged her  
 ' (for she was scarcely able to move) out  
 ' of the room, and my grandfather saw  
 ' her no more, for she was, the chamber-  
 maid said, never afterwards allowed to  
 ' go even into her closet. About that  
 ' time, a half-sister of my mother's, one  
 ' CATHERINE JORNAE, was hired to attend  
 ' the unhappy lady; and as my grand-  
 father was soon afterwards discharged,  
 ' he seldom saw any of the inhabitants of  
 ' the chateau. It was, however, known  
 ' that the Countess brought forth a son,  
 ' (who was given to be nursed in the vil-  
 ' lage) and died in a few hours, after a  
 ' dreadful illness. The Count treated her  
 ' with as much indifference when dead, as  
 ' he had with cruelty when living; for, not  
 ' even the village bells were ordered to  
 ' be tolled; and, as he declared his inten-

tion to have the funeral very private,  
no person attended but my grandfather,  
who was determined to see the last duties  
paid to his lovely mistress. He there-  
fore loitered about the chateau, till, on  
the third night after her decease, the  
corpse was brought out. No person  
was with it but the Count, four men  
who carried it, and two more who bore  
torches. My grandfather followed the  
poor lady's remains till they came to the  
Abbey, here in the valley, where in one  
of the vaults under it, a grave was pre-  
pared, and a monk was in waiting, who  
interred the Countess. Just as the ser-  
vice was concluded, Madame BONNE-  
VILLE came forwards; she cast her eyes  
on the coffin as the men laid it in the  
earth, and said in a low voice, " Adieu!  
sweet martyred saint! Thy tomb, un-  
decked as it is, is hallowed by thy purity  
and sufferings!" The Count, who  
was

' was standing opposite to her, and looking  
 ' at the grave, turned pale, and trembled  
 ' violently. But when the men began to  
 ' throw the earth on the coffin, he recov-  
 ' ered himself, and again looking for the  
 ' last time on the remains of his lady, he  
 ' drew the monk aside, and they seemed to  
 ' converse together. In the mean time,  
 ' the grave being covered, Madame BON-  
 ' NEVILLE, followed by my grandfather,  
 ' walked towards a horse that a man was  
 ' holding near the Abbey. She bid my  
 ' parent farewell, who asked her where  
 ' she was going? "To France," she  
 replied, "far from the scene of the hor-  
 " rors I have witnessed." "He enquired  
 " her meaning?" "Ask it not, <sup>DE</sup> VIL-  
 " LIERES," said she, "it cannot restore  
 " the injured saint to life! or wipe from  
 " the conscience of the guilty the stain of  
 " murder?" "My grandfather was so  
 " thunderstruck by her words, that he had  
 ' not

' not power to speak, but assisted her to  
 ' mount behind the man on the horse,  
 ' and she rode away. The next morn-  
 ' ing the whole family left the chateau.  
 ' CATHERINE JORNAC returned about  
 ' six years ago, and died mad; but what  
 ' confirmed our fears that the Countess  
 ' came to an ultimate end, was, that, for  
 ' several weeks previous to her death,  
 ' CATHERINE used to go every night un-  
 ' der the windows of her hapless lady's  
 ' apartments, and there cry most piteously.'

"Poor CLARA!" said ELINOR, with  
 a deep sigh, "gentle sufferer! But, MA-  
 "DALINE, how know you that M. HENRY  
 "is the son of this ill-fated lady?"

"I was going to tell you, Madam. My  
 grandfather could never lose the remem-  
 brance of the charming Countess, whom  
 he had seen buried a few months after  
 he had beheld her so young and so beauti-  
 ful; and he had no pleasure so great, as

' in going to see her son, who was at nurse  
 ' in the village, and who he thought re-  
 ' sembled his unfortunate mother; though  
 ' he was also like the Count. This con-  
 ' tinued almost two years, and the little  
 ' lord had become very fond of my grand-  
 ' father, when he was taken away; and  
 ' some time afterwards, DE VILLIERES  
 ' going to Dejetune found that M. HENRY  
 ' was there, but called ALLANVILLE, and  
 ' said to be adopted by the Count, but  
 ' more commonly believed his bastard.'

ELINOR now thanked MADALINE for her recital, and went to bed; where, however, she did not enjoy much sleep. The next morning Madame DE LUSIGNAN brought her daughter a billet from the Marquis, which ran thus:—

' Though the time I stated for my ab-  
 ' sence is not yet expired, in one day  
 ' more I will be with you.

• Prepare

' Prepare yourself, dear ELINOR, to re-  
 ' ceive him who adores you. His heart  
 ' is still the same, and if yours be not  
 ' changed, the following day will unite  
 ' him to the most lovely of her sex. In  
 ' promoting your felicity, mine will be en-  
 ' sured; and devoted as your heart is to  
 ' love, some part of its tenderness will still  
 ' be mine. There are some situations  
 ' where we feel too strongly to be able to  
 ' say much! Adieu, then, dear ELINOR!  
 ' since in such a situation is now

" The Marquis DE JULIEN."

ELINOR read this letter with fresh ab-  
 horrence of the writer; since from it she  
 concluded him elated at the success of his  
 treachery, and she more than ever resolved  
 not to be his wife.

Again she perused the lines, which,  
 though at best but equivocal, seemed to  
 her perfectly clear; and as soon as she  
 was alone with MADALINE, she shewed it

to

to her, and asked her if she would assist her to escape before the day of her destined marriage. ‘I will not only assist,’ returned MADALINE, ‘but accompany you.’

ELINOR now first observed that her gentle friend had been weeping; and, forgetting for a moment her own sorrows in those of one whom she truly loved, she tenderly enquired the cause.

‘I know not why I shed tears, Madam,’ said she, ‘for what I have heard should neither cause me joy or grief.’ ‘What have you heard?’ demanded ELINOR, anxiously. ‘GASTON, Madam, has just been with me, and he told me that M. ST. CROIX was at his cottage yesterday, enquiring for me. My brother says, that ST. CROIX is much altered, and looks ill and unhappy; when he heard where I was, and that there was no expectation of meeting me at home, he would

' would not be dissuaded from coming un-  
 der these windows last night, in hopes I  
 ' might see and speak to him ~~as usual~~ <sup>as usual</sup>  
 . Elinor now recollects the person she  
 had seen the evening before, but did not  
 mention him; saying only, " And what,  
 " MADALINE, do you design to do?"  
 " To follow you, Madam, wherever  
 ' you intend going. I feel, it is true, sorry  
 ' that ST. CROIX should suffer on my ac-  
 ' count; but I am certain that, if I know  
 ' my own heart, I do not love him. He  
 ' told my brother, that he had no hopes  
 ' of happiness if I did not consent to be  
 his. <sup>and</sup> GASTON wishes much to see me  
 ' married to him, and even says that our  
 ' vows, though ST. CROIX violated his,  
 ' are yet in force, and will oblige me to the  
 ' union. But how shall I, a simple village  
 ' girl, appear in the rank of a Viscountess?  
 " Ah, Madam, I feel that I am not qualified  
 ' for the situation; those with whom my  
 ' marriage

“ marriage would set me on a level, would  
 ‘ despise my simplicity, and perhaps teach  
 ‘ ST. CROIX to blush for his choice; as  
 ‘ his wife, I must no more associate with  
 ‘ those who are at present my equals; and  
 ‘ where should I find a friend?”

“ You must ever find them, dear MADALINE!” cried ELINOR, (who perceived that her gentle friend had considered this matter more deeply than she would own) “ You must ever find them in all  
 “ who know you. The vain, the sarcastic, and the proud, could alone despise  
 “ your merit. And the Viscount must  
 “ ever find felicity in the goodness of your  
 “ mind, and the tenderness of your heart.”  
 They then concerted the means of escaping through the private passage, to the cottage of GASTON, whom MADALINE engaged to prevail on to have horses ready for them, and to accompany them to the convent near Lyons, where ELINOR had  
 been

been brought up, and whether she now proposed going, in search of an asylum from that tyranny which would compel her to a union with a man she almost detested.

The next evening the Marquis was to arrive; and the following night, they determined to leave Loncilles at the hour of twelve.

### CHAP. XXIX.

But drear and desolate the brightest scene,  
View'd through the medium of a wounded mind.

THE sun had almost reached the hills, and ELINOR stood at her window contemplating the glorious splendour of the Western sky, when (on the appointed evening) she saw horsemen approaching

the

the chateau; amongst whom DE JULIEN was distinguishable. The now unhappy daughter of LUSIGNAN fancied she beheld the smile of triumph on his features, and crimsoning his cheek. He had but few attendants, yet the little troop had an air of consequence; and ELINOR watched them slowly ride round to the hall door, where they were concealed from her view. When summoned to meet her lover, her agitation and reluctance was augmented, and after ten days absence, she trembled at the thought of beholding one from whom she had parted with tears and regret. She, however, attended her parents and their noble guest, with faltering steps. The Marquis met her at the door with apparent transport; which suffered an immediate check, on observing her paleness and the dejection too visible in her lovely features; though, when he would have saluted her, she turned from him

him with a disdainful air, he took her hand, and said, ‘ Why am I thus coldly, thus scornfully received? Do you, indeed, doubt my honour?’

When he spoke, there was an ingenuous earnestness in his countenance, which ELINOR for a moment believed impossible he could, if treacherous, assume; but her distrust immediately returned with renewed force, and for the remainder of the evening she studiously avoided his glances, which might have undeceived her in her opinion of him. After supper the party remained together longer than usual.

ELINOR would not be the first to move for two reasons; she felt unwilling to take the last parting look at her mother, for whom she had a lively affection; and she was conscious that were she to have much time for solitary contemplation before her elopement, her courage would fail, and she doubted if she would have power to take

take a step, which seemed to her so necessary. LUSIGNAN was pleased to see, in the conduct of his daughter, no impatience to be alone; and when the frequent yawning of Madame obliged him to propose retiring, he said softly to ELINOR, " This " is well! the Marquis will remember this!"

ELINOR, fearful of betraying her emotion, now hurried to her chamber; and as it was near the hour when she was to depart, set about collecting the things she intended to take with her. She had but little money, yet enough to defray the expences of travelling into France; and should any unforeseen event happen, she had some jewels of value, a fine suit of pearls presented to her by OLIVIA, and a rich gold chain with a diamond cross affixed to it, put round her neck by the good lady abbess of her convent the morning they parted. These, with the picture she had found in the closet of the

Countess

COUNTESS DE SANTERRE, she put up carefully with some clothes, and sat down to await the coming of MADALINE, who had promised to join her as soon as the family were at rest.

It was not long before the arrival of this amiable friend of the distressed ELINOR, who now sealed and laid on her table a billet addressed to the Marquis DE JULIEN. She then rose from her seat, mournfully turned her eyes round her spacious and gloomy chamber to take a last leave of every object within it, which custom or prejudice had endeared to her; and with a deep and convulsive sigh accompanied MADALINE (who carried the light) to the lower apartments.

They soon reached the private door in the saloon, which was not difficult to unfasten; scarcely could ELINOR summon courage to open it; or when she did, to enter on the long and narrow passage it disclosed.

The

The light cast but a faint ray, from the damp vapour that curled round its flame; but they proceeded resolutely till they had opened the sliding-board in the floor of the closet. MADALINE, as she surveyed the gloomy abyss beneath her feet, shuddered; ELINOR observed it, and now from repeated exertions, armed with fortitude to encounter any thing, said to her, with firmness, " My dear MADALINE ! I be-  
" lieve you now repent that hasty friend-  
" ship which induced you to offer your-  
" self as the companion of my flight; if  
" this be the case, do not scruple to leave  
" me, since it is fit that I only should be  
" the sufferer, by the imprudent, though,  
" alas! necessary step I am taking. Re-  
" turn then, my amiable girl, to your  
" friends! M. DE ST. CROIX must not,  
" shall not accuse me of having made his  
" destined bride a fugitive. God blefs  
" you!" she added, with a tremulous

voice,

voice, as she began to descend the steps. But MADALINE, cruelly hurt by her words, said, ' If, indeed, Madam, you desire me to remain, I will not disobey you; but I lament that I have succeeded so ill in my endeavours to prove to you how much I esteem and love you; yet hear me! If you think me unworthy to share your fate, mine shall never be united to ST. CROIX; for I will not give him a wife whose friendship is esteemed of so little value by her to whom it was devoted.'

ELINOR could not now persist in deferring, what had cost her a severe pang in proposing, and the fair fugitives soon arrived at the hermitage. With greater pleasure than she had imagined any thing could at that time give her, ELINOR, on unclosing the trap-door, beheld the pale clear moon-light streaming through the shattered roof of the hermitage; she sprung from the dreary vault, and with MADALINE'S

LINE's assistance soon reached the cottage, where the punctual GASTON waited with the horses. For the greater speed, they rode single, and before the sun rose in the East, the travellers had left far behind them the hills that bounded the valley of Loncilles.

We will now return to the noble DE JULIEN, and go back with him to the morning when he left Loncilles in so abrupt a manner.

The occasion of it was a letter he received at breakfast from the Advocate DESPARDEAUX; by whose means he had once obtained a sight of those records of the courts of Paris, where, in a *procès* of a distant date, he had met with the name of PIERRE ARNAU DE LUSIGNAN, who was mentioned as a witness on the trial of HENRI PHILIPPE ST. HOULAGE, Baron DE RONÇAN, for marrying the young heiress CLARA DE MONTAUBAN; and in

the course of which, the Baron had avowed a criminal connection with the lady. The letter of DESPARDEAUX was in answer to one written by the Marquis immediately after the Chevalier DE AL-LANVILLE left Lönailles, and was in these terms:—

“ MY LORD,

“ Immediately on the receipt of your  
 “ letter, I exerted all my influence and  
 “ skill to obey your commands; and am  
 “ very sorry I have not been able to pro-  
 “ cure some determinate intelligence for  
 “ you. I have carefully examined the  
 “ records you desired, and find there no  
 “ other mention of this person but that  
 “ you yourself noticed. I then applied  
 “ to a person, whom I knew at that time  
 “ to have been in the habit of taking  
 “ notes, not only on such trials as came  
 “ within his knowledge, but memoran-  
 “ dums of the persons concerned. He

“ readily

" readily allowed me a sight of the book  
 " in which he made those notes, and I  
 " found PIERRE ARNAU DE LUSIGNAN  
 " thus mentioned: ' This person (who is,  
 ' I find, a man of some property) prevari-  
 ' cated much in his evidence, though it  
 ' was accepted by the court; probably  
 ' owing to the rank and power of the per-  
 ' son (Baron DE RONÇAN) whose cause  
 ' he supported.' " And in a note sub-  
 " joined, he says, ' This LUSIGNAN has  
 ' proved what I suspected, as he has this  
 ' day disappeared, in consequence of the  
 ' officers of justice taking cognizance of  
 ' some fraudulent proceedings which he  
 ' has been detected carrying on.'

" This is all I could learn from that  
 " quarter. And though I think your  
 " chance of frightening him would be  
 " greater, by threatening to deliver him  
 " up to justice on account of this, than  
 " were you to lay hold of his words,

‘ Long custom has made me love this girl  
 ‘ with paternal affection! ’ “ (which were  
 “ probably spoken without meaning) I  
 “ should imagine that either would avail  
 “ you but little. My advice therefore is,  
 “ that you should depend entirely on your  
 “ influence with our King, which used to  
 “ be great; as I have little doubt that he  
 “ would impower you to prevent the  
 “ young person you mention being sacri-  
 “ ficed to tyranny. Adieu! I shall expect  
 “ soon to see you in Paris, (as the King  
 “ leaves this on a progress to the pro-  
 “ vinces in a few days) where I shall wel-  
 “ come you, and give you the conveyances  
 “ of the estates in Pais de Vaud to the  
 “ Chevalier DE ALLANVILLE, which have  
 “ been prepared as you desired.

“ DESPARDEAUX.”

Immediately on receiving this letter, DE  
 JULIEN closeted his host, and warmly  
 pleaded for HENRY’s becoming the hus-  
 band

band of ELINOR. But to this, LUSIGNAN gave an angry denial, hinting that it was probable he might come to an accommodation with DE SANTERRE, who had indirectly renewed his proposal of marriage to ELINOR. The Marquis saw that such an event taking place would at once destroy the hopes of his young friend, and therefore artfully contrived to irritate LUSIGNAN against the Count; and laying his pleadings on the part of HENRY to the score of a former promise, claimed the engagement his host had before formed to make his daughter Marchioness DE JULIEN. LUSIGNAN promised to be faithful to this engagement, provided the celebration was to be speedy; for which desire he had his own reasons. The Marquis at first intended to have told ELINOR what had passed, but fearing it might create suspicion, he contented himself with the idea

that she esteemed him sufficiently not to distrust him.

He accordingly made what haste he could to Paris, where, requesting a private audience of his Majesty, (who had always behaved to him more as a friend than a Prince) he related to him every circumstance of his embarrassment, without, however, criminating any one. The King heard him with kindness, and then gave him an order to LUSIGNAN which he would hardly dispute. When the Monarch put his signature to the paper, and presented it to DE JULIEN, he said, ' My intrusting you with this power of oppressing the meanest of my subjects, is the greatest proof I (as a King) can give of my confidence in you; which is such as frees me from any unpleasant sensation in giving you my sanction for taking from a parent his power over his child. Let this (from henceforth) Count DE

ALLANVILLE

‘ ALLANVILLE bring to me his wife, and  
 ‘ (as recommended by you) receive from  
 ‘ my hands the credentials of his new dig-  
 ‘ nity, with an increase of military rank to  
 ‘ which his services intitle him.’

DE JULIEN, highly and justly elated at this attention to his suit, returned to Lonsilles to complete the happiness of his friend; to whom he wrote an account of his proceedings, desiring him, as soon as he could procure leave of absence, to hasten to Savoy.

When he arrived there himself, the manner in which ELINOR received him surprised him extremely; and left him no doubt that she had misunderstood his parting words and subsequent visit, and he determined to enter on an explanation immediately: for that purpose, he went to her door the following morning, and having tapped at it, and received no answer, he entered to look for her. What was

his surprise, to find no trace of her having been there the night before, but the following billet:—

“ I ask not your forgiveness, my lord,  
 “ for not having done you an irreparable  
 “ injury, in bestowing on you a reluctant  
 “ hand. I take this method of thanking  
 “ you for former kindness, and an attach-  
 “ ment which I never could return, and  
 “ which has unfortunately placed its ob-  
 “ ject in making me miserable. Before  
 “ these lines can meet your eye, I shall be  
 “ far beyond the reach of tyranny and per-  
 “ secution, on my way to an asylum,  
 “ where, in the calm enjoyments of reli-  
 “ gion and friendship, I shall, I hope, find  
 “ contentment, if not happiness.

“ Assure my parents and yourself, that,  
 “ notwithstanding the cruelty with which  
 “ I was treated, and the compulsion with  
 “ which I was threatened, I never will  
 “ disgrace them by a clandestine mar-  
 “ riage.

"riage. My affections I cannot wish to  
 "recall; but he whom I love is ignorant of  
 "my flight, and shall be so of my retreat;  
 "to prove to those who have compelled  
 "me to a desperate flight, that, had they  
 "contented themselves with forbidding  
 "me to see or hold any intercourse with  
 "the Chevalier DE ALLANVILLE, they  
 "would have found me obedient.

"Attempt not, my lord, to pursue me!  
 "it will be as vain, as it will be impossible  
 "to tear me from the pious retreat whi-  
 "ther I am going, and from whence I  
 "shall write to my mother to intreat her  
 "to pardon her

"ELINOR."

The Marquis read these lines over twice,  
 before he could be persuaded that they  
 were really addressed to himself by ELINOR,  
 and that she was at that moment flying  
 from a forced marriage with him. No per-  
 son had a higher notion than himself of the

mutual regard necessary to make the married state happy; and he was hurt at having been thought capable of joining in the cruelty of forcing a woman to give her hand to one man, while another possessed her heart. As soon as the power of reflection returned, he commanded his attendants to prepare for a journey; and while they were doing so, he continued to walk impatiently up and down the hall. For LUSIGNAN and his wife he did not enquire, as he easily guessed that their treatment (and not merely his own conduct) had made a fugitive of the fair ELINOR, whom he set out in pursuit of, the moment his horses were got ready; taking with him only one servant, and sending the rest to the castle of DE JULIEN.

## CHAP. XXX.

---

Bright are the tints that point th' ethereal bow,  
Bright is the radiance of the evening sky;  
But still more bright hope's vivid pictures glow,  
And still more swift her dear deceptions fly.

---

FOR the first day of their journey, ELINOR was almost totally silent: and her companions possessed too much natural politeness to distract her by conversation; or, rather, they had each too large a notion of good sense, not to see, and seeing, too much good-nature not to feel for, the emotions that distracted her mind. When the evening was almost closing, GASTON rode on a little before in search of a cottage where the fair fugitives might spend the night, as he knew there was neither town

or

or village within some miles. He had just got out of sight, and ELINOR with MADALINE (who was speaking) was slowly following, when a man sprung from a woody brake on the right into the road. His dress was that of an izard hunter; but ELINOR conceived him to be something worse, when he seized hold of the bridle of her horse: she uttered an involuntary exclamation, and the assailant instantly letting go the reins, stopped her friend, saying, ‘Cruel MADALINE! wherefore do you fly me?’

“Holy Virgin!” cried the astonished MADALINE, adding, “Why, my lord, do you thus pursue me? but I will not be detained.”

“Ah,” interrupted he passionately, “is ST. CROIX become hateful to you? he whom you once loved! But too many hours of my life have been embittered by our separation, and now that we have met,

• met, by heaven, I will never more part  
 • with you, till you consent to be mine.'

ELINOR would now have been glad that her first conjecture had been true; since she feared a robber infinitely less than she did a lover so rash and so resolute, and now said, trembling, "For mercy's sake, "sir, permit us to proceed; my friend has "a brother at hand, who will protect her "from this unreasonable violence."

"Do I not know that voice?" cried ST. CROIX, in a tone of surprise, "Ah! amiable Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN, pity and intercede for me, with one whom I have never ceased to love, though compelled to seem inconstant."

ELINOR almost shrieked with surprise to find she was known, while ST. CROIX added, "Fear not, Madam, that I will either injure or betray you. Goodness like yours must insure respect."

"If

“If you knew me,” said ELINOR,  
 “why did you thus imprudently alarm  
 “me? But pray leave us, sir.”

ST. CROIX still held the bridle of MADALINE’s horse, to prevent her moving; and he now said eagerly, ‘ Do you then  
 ‘ persist in your cruelty towards me? and  
 ‘ would you force me to abandon the hope,  
 ‘ chance has given me, of moving you in  
 ‘ my favour? Can you, MADALINE, do  
 ‘ you assure me that I have no longer any  
 ‘ place in your heart? Tell me this, as  
 ‘ you shall expect that mercy from heaven  
 ‘ which you deny to me!’

MADALINE could not resist this solemn adjuration: “ ST. CROIX!” said she, “ I  
 “ will not deceive you! You are still dear  
 “ to me! But if you wish to reap any ad-  
 “ vantage from the avowal, you must in-  
 “ stantly leave me; ask me not whither I  
 “ am going, and attempt not to follow me;  
 “ for that will cost you the loss of my  
 “ favour

“ favour for ever. Go from hence to  
“ your native country, where you shall  
“ hear from me, or—”

ST. CROIX interrupted her to express his rapture, but she insisted on his instant obedience to her commands; and after bidding her and ELINOR tenderly adieu, he struck again into the woods. At that moment GASTON returned to conduct them to a cottage he had discovered, and MADALINE then related to him the adventure they had met with, which did not displease him, since he saw that it had caused an avowal of his sister's sentiments, which would speedily lead to an event likely to make her happy.

The second day, they travelled along the beautiful banks of the Rhone towards Lyons, which at a great distance appeared in the perspective. ELINOR wished to have embarked in some of the boats that she saw gliding down the silver tide, bearing to the

the city the produce of the neighbouring country; but the superior speed of the horses made her still continue that mode of travelling, though extremely fatiguing to one who had been so little accustomed to it.

GASTON having told them that their journey would be considerably shortened by it, the fugitives consented (a little before sun-set) to ascend a steep hill, over which a narrow winding path was worn by the shepherds. With some difficulty they reached the summit, on which were the remains of a fort, probably erected during the wars that ravaged that country in the years — — —. Here GASTON, who was well versed in the history of those campaigns where his grandfather had fought, paused, and began to give an account of the scarcely discernible fortifications to his fair companions. MADALINE shuddered as she listened; but ELINOR hardly heard him,

him, being solely occupied by the grandeur of the scene before her. Far below, the river (on which were innumerable ships and vessels of every kind) reflected the feeble rays of the departing sun, and seemed like a vast lake, from the height of the headlands that concealed it at either end. Several hills, none, however, so high as that they stood on, rose on every side, covered with sheep, or smiling with cultivation: leaving between them only narrow dells, watered by rivulets that were heard falling into the Rhone.

Still at a distance were seen the towers of the city, and ELINOR fancied she could distinguish amid the deepening gloom the grey structure of her beloved convent. The stars beginning to appear warned them that it was time to descend the hill, and they all dismounted, from a dread of the danger of the steep. Slowly and cautiously (GASTON leading the horses) they wound

wound down among the heath and fern; often stopping to watch the meteors that every moment played along the horizon, glancing with harmless brilliancy. As they continued descending, they distinctly heard, mingling with the solemn curfew, the more melancholy sound of a passing bell, seeming to proceed from the convent they were going to, which was about half a mile above the city. When they arrived at the convent gates, ELINOR enquired for the Abbess, and was, on telling her name, permitted to enter; a favour denied to MADALINE and GASTON; who, preferring going on to Lyons to waiting the consent of the superieure, (which might perhaps be refused them) to remain there that night, bade ELINOR farewell.

ELINOR was now conducted into the well-known parlour of the boarders, and on her again asking for the Lady Abbess, ~~and the man~~ replying, “ She is in the cell

“ of

“ of a sister who is just dead,” abruptly left her alone.

In a few minutes a lady came in, dressed in the habit of the Abbess, but a total stranger to ELINOR. Her looks had a cloudy dignity in them, very different from the expression of countenance of the late venerable and benevolent superieure, who was but a few months deceased.

‘ I have detained you, daughter,’ said the lady mother, ‘ but the recent death of our sister OLIVIA, and some circumstances attending it——’

“ OLIVIA!” interrupted ELINOR, impatiently, “ Oh! can it be OLIVIA DE “ RIVIERA?”

“ The same,’ replied the superieure, adding gravely, and without observing the trembling agitation of ELINOR, ‘ those who want a lesson of humility would do well to visit her cell, and see how low lies one famed once for beauty and virtue.’

The

The Abbess spoke with rather more than even her customary hauteur; probably owing to ELINOR's having neglected to address her by her title; of which, and the respect due to it, as but lately acquired, she was very tenacious.

“ Alas!” said ELINOR mournfully, “ I indeed want a lesson of resignation. “ Pray, Madam, permit me to visit the remains of —”

She would have added OLIVIA, but her tongue refused to give utterance to it, and the Abbess, beckoning to a lay-sister, desired her to shew the child the cell of death. ELINOR followed her conductress in silence till they came to the door of the cell, and the first object that struck her eye was a lady, who, as she was strewing rosemary over the bed, said in English,

‘ I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid!  
‘ And not have strew'd thy grave.’

HAMLET.

There

There was a pathos in her manner, as she repeated those touching lines, that was extremely affecting. “ It is the sister of “ mercy,” said a nun, who was present. **ELINOR** approached the bed, on which lay extended the emaciated, but still lovely form of **OLIVIA DE RIVIERA**. Prepared as she was for it, the shock had nearly overcome her; but clasping her hands on her bosom, deep sighs only proved she was sensible. No tear for some time bathed her pale cheek; her’s was that grief, which

‘ Whispers the o’er-charg’d heart, and bids  
‘ it break.’

MACBETH.

She caught the cold lifeless hand of **OLIVIA**, and held it for above a minute to her lips; then laying it on the bed, she fell into an agony of weeping. Some of the nuns now drew her from this melancholy scene, and as she was very much disordered by fatigue and grief, she was put to bed.

**ELINOR**

ELINOR continued in a state of torpor that night and part of the following day, but towards the evening she arose. Wearied with the exertion of dressing, she again lay down, and fell into a sleep, from which she awoke not till about midnight.

She found herself alone; and in darkness which let her perceive the faint glimmer of light through the crevices of the door, as some persons passed hastily along the passage. But the sound of their steps ceasing, she opened the door, and then heard the convent-bell tolling. Instantly struck with an idea of what was going forward, she pursued her way by the feeble light of a distant lamp till she arrived at the chapel, where they were performing the burial service for the departed sister. The bier was laid in the aisle, surrounded by a number of the nuns, and a venerable monk, in whose pallid countenance grief seemed enthroned, was pronouncing an eulogium on the deceased.

' When,' continued he, ' this lifeless  
 ' form met my view, beauty had adorned  
 ' it with her richest graces; youth bloomed  
 ' on her now faded cheek, and through the  
 ' sparkling eye (now closed in the sleep of  
 ' death) there beamed a soul replete with  
 ' every virtue. Her heart, framed for ten-  
 ' derness, felt the softest, sweetest emotions  
 ' of friendship and affection; only to be  
 ' wrung even to madness by their priva-  
 ' tion! She suffered, deeply suffered for  
 ' the woes and crimes of others. But ye  
 ' who have seen her in those moments  
 ' when the bitterness of her lot forced  
 ' her into temporary frenzy, will testify,  
 ' that even *then* she was a model for a  
 ' martyr! And, whosoever has beheld  
 ' OLIVIA DE RIVIERA, sinking under un-  
 ' merited calamity, must do justice to her  
 ' piety; which was as exemplary as her  
 ' form was faultless when many years ago  
 ' I first saw and loved her!'

The

The father concluded; a mild benignity, a chastened hope, sat on his placid countenance; though as he raised his eyes a tear fell from each, and as he shook them away, others glittered in their room. ELINOR, who was kneeling by the bier, looked up, but again concealing her face with her hands, gave way to a fresh burst of grief; the monk observed her deep affliction, and said soothingly, though with commanding solemnity, ‘ Moderate your transports, ‘ my child! set bounds to your sorrow, ‘ nor lament that OLIVIA is removed from ‘ a state of mortal suffering! rather grieve ‘ for those who are left, the sport of for- ‘ tune and themselves. Weep; for nature ‘ compels us thus to vent emotions, that, ‘ if suppressed, would shake the seat of ‘ reason. Sorrow is powerful, but religion ‘ should teach us resignation!

‘ You behold in me, one whose only  
‘ stay on earth is, in OLIVIA, removed;  
‘ cold

' cold as she now dies, there can be no  
 ' crime in speaking of my unextinguished  
 ' love! I may now avow in anguish that  
 ' she was sole possessor of the heart which  
 ' seemed devoted to God! She was the  
 ' tie that bound me to a life rendered hor-  
 ' rible by the crimes of fiends! She  
 ' taught me, that to endure existence on  
 ' such terms as I held it, was more cou-  
 ' rageous than by a moment's resolution to  
 ' annihilate it and my misery! I was not  
 ' always what I now appear; there was a  
 ' time, when I gloried in the title of a  
 ' warrior! I have seen death before my  
 ' eyes in many a well-fought field, and  
 ' VERVILLON knew not what it was to  
 ' feel a fear, till his life became precious  
 ' to OLIVIA DE RIVIERA. The favoured  
 ' friend of her brother the gallant AL-  
 ' BERT, my heart was, in the days of  
 ' early youth devoted to his blooming  
 ' sister; her fortunes were but scanty, and

‘ my house, though noble, was not even  
‘ in the elder branches affluent. Yet in-  
‘ digent as we both were, OLIVIA would  
‘ have been mine and happy; but the  
‘ misery of her brother, who, separated  
‘ from his adored CLARA, pined in an-  
‘ guish, prevented her. “ How can I,”  
would say the generous maid, “ be blest,  
“ while my ALBERT is a prey to hopeles  
“ sorrow? Our bridal sun must not rise  
“ in tears; but let me see my brother at  
“ peace, and I will then think of felicity  
“ with you.” “ The duty of a soldier  
‘ tore me from my afflicted love, and it  
‘ was long ere I again saw her. During  
‘ two years captivity in a distant country,  
‘ no letter relieved my anxiety about my  
‘ friends! No news of those I loved cheered  
‘ the dreary solitude of my prison! Oh,  
‘ God! why was I then in bonds? a vile  
‘ and sordid slave! a captive! when the  
‘ tempest of calamity wrecked the peace

‘ of

' of all——' His agony was for a mi-  
 nute extreme, but, again resuming his com-  
 posure, he continued, ' On my return to  
 ' the land of my fathers, I found that  
 ' CLARA had been stigmatized, and mur-  
 ' dered by the malice of a demon! ALBERT  
 ' had fallen a victim to his own hatred to  
 ' life! His lovely ANNE terrified to death!  
 ' Her infant, perhaps, destroyed by the  
 ' monster, who, having woven this web of  
 ' despair and cruelty, now rioted on the  
 ' fortunes of those his villainy had laid  
 ' low, even in the dust! My OLIVIA too  
 ' was in a state of insanity, from the hor-  
 ' rors she had witnessed! I flew to her,  
 ' and found that not even madness had de-  
 ' prived her of that winning sweetness  
 ' that first stole on my heart. Hours have  
 ' I sat beside the once-cheerful OLIVIA,  
 ' watching the various changes of her  
 ' melancholy malady; her lips (in for-  
 ' mer days never unclosed but to say some-

‘ thing which shewed a mind endowed by  
‘ nature with wisdom and goodness) now  
‘ only gave utterance to incoherent ra-  
‘ vings; yet still she knew me, and would  
‘ sometimes weep when she beheld my  
‘ deep affliction. For three long years, I  
‘ watched her slowly-returning reason, and  
‘ when it was in part restored, I would  
‘ have had her bless me with her hand;  
‘ with tears of tender gratitude, she  
‘ thanked me for my cares, she owned her  
‘ attachment unabated; but, from the no-  
‘ blest motives, refused what she confessed  
‘ would make her happy, and retired to  
‘ this convent to spend her remaining days  
‘ in grief, which not even religion could  
‘ alleviate. For myself, I then abandoned  
‘ the world, took the monastic vows, and  
‘ soon became confessor to OLIVIA. When  
‘ her pure soul was, in the course of my  
‘ office, laid open to my view, I found  
‘ fresh cause to worship her as a living  
‘ saint;

• saint; and now, though the weakness of  
 • humanity forces me to weep over her  
 • remains, I am conscious that heaven only  
 • deserved her, and can alone reward her  
 • virtues; and I look forward with a bliss-  
 • ful hope of our re-union in those realms  
 • whither she is gone before me, but where  
 • OLIVIA shall be restored to her FRANCIS.'

The monk, when he had ended his pathetic tale, remained a few moments in mental prayer, and then retired to a little distance to conceal that sorrow he could not conquer.

The requiem now began: the vestal choir raised their voices, only at intervals accompanied by the pealing organ; and they prayed for the repose of the beatified sister. To one like ELINOR, truly fond of music, the solemn kind that she now heard gives an undescribable and thrilling sensation, which was rendered so

much the more touching from the weight of woe that hung on her heart.

When the burial hymn was concluded, and the corpse was about to be removed, ELINOR took a last farewell of her beloved OLIVIA; but, unable to follow the procession to the vault whither it was now hastening, she left the chapel, and retired to her cell in tears.

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### CHAP. XXXI.

---

Where resignation takes her stand,  
Prompt to perform her friendly part;  
And gathers, with a trembling hand,  
The fragments of a broken heart.

JERNINGHAM.

---

AS soon as it was light, ELINOR went into the garden, where every plant she saw served to remind her of her lost OLIVIA; that lady had been fond of botany, and

and ELINOR with a sigh beheld the plat she had been used to cultivate overgrown with weeds. As she was mournfully contemplating it, several of the sisterhood joined her, with whom she was well acquainted. Some of them congratulated her with feeble courtesy on her return to the convent; but, that once done, relapsed into the fullen apathy so common amongst the votaries of mistaken devotion. But a few spoke to her, with that genuine and tender benevolence which, to those who have hearts sensible of its value, is so extremely endearing. Among those few was sister THERESA, a lady of noble birth and amiable character, who had in early youth paid her vows to the church as a sacrifice to family pride and the avarice of her relations. From her ELINOR enquired how the latter days of OLIVIA had been spent. "She was, you know," said THERESA, "tenderly attached to Madame

“ DE SEGARLO, our late invaluable super-  
“ rieure; and on her death, which hap-  
“ pened about six months since, the me-  
“ lancholy of our dear sister OLIVIA in-  
“ creased; often verging towards a return  
“ of her former dreadful malady. For  
“ above ten weeks preceding her dissolu-  
“ tion, she never left her cell, except to  
“ chapel, whither she used to be carried  
“ at the celebration of the mass, and  
“ chiefly employed herself in reading and  
“ prayer. The decay of her constitution  
“ soon became visible, and very rapid; so  
“ that her death was for a long time ex-  
“ pected hourly by all but herself. When  
“ she found her end drawing nigh, she  
“ desired to have her grave-stone pre-  
“ pared to lay over her, and pointed out  
“ the place where she would be buried;  
“ saying, she knew she should soon be re-  
“ leased. The day she breathed her last,  
“ her confessor attended her, and when he  
“ had

" had performed the duties of his office,  
 " the attendants with some of the nuns re-  
 " turned to the cell. OLIVIA then spoke  
 " cheerfully to them all, particularly to  
 " the father, whom she reminded of their  
 " first meeting many years before, adding,  
 " A little longer, my friend, and we shall  
 " again meet, where no person shall have  
 " power to separate us; *for there the wicked  
 cease from troubling; and there the weary  
 are at rest!*""

ELINOR wept the whole time the nun  
 was relating those particulars: and she  
 now asked where OLIVIA had been laid.  
 THERESA told her, that the departed  
 sister had, pursuant to her own desire, been  
 buried at the foot of the monument, or  
 rather tomb, of the VERVILLON family,  
 in the vault under the fourth aisle of the  
 chapel. This spot ELINOR determined  
 to visit alone; for even the presence of  
 THERESA (great as was the softness and

urbanity of her disposition) would by her be considered as a sort of profanation of the duty she was resolved to pay to the memory of her late friend.

A summons to attend the lady abbess in the parlour now called ELINOR from the garden. The abbess enquired her name and business: to the first question, ELINOR replied at once; but to the second, she simply said, that domestic misfortunes having deprived her of the shelter of her paternal home, she had sought an asylum, till better times, in the house where she had been brought up, and among the good sisterhood who knew her.

The superieure was by nature imperious and haughty, as much from conscious beauty (not yet entirely faded) which had accustomed her to adoration, as from her distinguished rank; though by no means satisfied with the cool reserve of her new pensioner, she yet accepted her as such; and

and taking from her secretary a small packet, she presented it to **ELINOR**, saying,  
 ' Since you are the pupil of our deceased  
 sister **OLIVIA**, this packet belongs to  
 you. Half an hour before her death  
 she caused a little enamelled case, with  
 some papers, to be taken from a cabinet,  
 and then, untying a miniature picture  
 from her neck, she desired them all to be  
 sealed up, and intrusted them to me that  
 they might be forwarded to you.'

**ELINOR** took the parcel with a trembling hand, and bowing lowly, retired in silence to her cell, where she broke the seals. At first, the tears came so fast to her eyes, that she could not see what it contained; but when a little more composed, she took, from amongst a number of papers, the picture of **ALBERT**, with that of **CLARA** set in the back, which she had once before seen. She next took up the little enamelled case, and opening it found  
 it

it contained the portrait of OLIVIA. The likeness appeared to ELINOR very striking, though, when she knew OLIVIA, sickness and sorrow had worn her to but the shadow of what she once was; though the form of her features could not alter; and were even then extremely beautiful. The face of the picture was in the highest degree expressive of intelligence and gaiety, and the whole countenance strongly resembled that of the young officer which ELINOR had found at Loncilles. She now took that from her pocket, and comparing it with the portraits of OLIVIA and her brother, found that, though evidently drawn for the latter at an early age, it bore most similitude to the former. She now examined the papers; they were chiefly letters addressed by RIVIERA to CLARA DE MONTAUBAN, with a few to his sister. In one of the former was this passage: ' So my CLARA, with her OLIVIA,

' VERA, are now sole empresses of the castle;  
 ' and I, their wandering knight, am far dis-  
 ' tant from them. Oh! that I were with  
 ' you! But alas, what avails it to wish,  
 ' since it cannot lessen the space that di-  
 ' vides us? The Count, it is thought, can-  
 ' not live many days. I am sorry for it;  
 ' since, notwithstanding the misanthropy  
 ' of his character, I loved him. It is said,  
 ' he was once a very different creature;  
 ' nay, some scruple not to alledge that his  
 ' singularities, which seem to lean entirely  
 ' to the side of virtue, are but the labours  
 ' of hypocritry. But, speaking of hypo-  
 ' critry, tell me not of the paternal kind-  
 ' nesses of our guardian! Ah, CLARA!  
 ' are you certain whence arises this fond-  
 ' ness? Your heart, pure and unsuspect-  
 ' ing as it is, will never teach you to dis-  
 ' trust the conduct of others. I may  
 ' wrong the Baron, and therefore will  
 ' not proclaim my doubts; but if it should  
 ' ever

‘ ever happen that you have reason to fear  
 ‘ that your guardian’s designs are not what  
 ‘ they should be, remember that Portugal,  
 ‘ though distant, is yet within your reach.’

\* \* \* \* \*

As from hence, it was evident that RIVIERA was not without suspicions of the Baron, ELINOR was surprised that he should not have attempted to controul that unlicensed villainy to which she afterwards fell a victim. In another of the letters were these words:—

‘ The Baron has written me word that  
 ‘ his kinsman is at last released. He has  
 ‘ left his estates to the Baron, in case his  
 ‘ heir at law is not found within two years;  
 ‘ and then our guardian is to give up the  
 ‘ title of RONÇAN, and take that of Count  
 ‘ DE SANTERRE. This is a whimsical  
 ‘ arrangement, since he is well known to  
 ‘ have no legitimate heirs. I have been  
 ‘ told that he has a son, to whom he used  
 ‘ to

‘ to declare an intention of leaving his  
 ‘ property; but if he be still living, the  
 ‘ claims that justice and humanity would  
 ‘ give him on the fortune of his father,  
 ‘ are not likely to be allowed by the exe-  
 ‘ cutor of his will.’

\* \* \* \* \*

The Baron DE RONÇAN and the Count  
 DE SANTERRE were, ELINOR now found,  
 the same; and the conviction that it was  
 so, brought a thoufand busy remem-  
 brances to her mind, which were soon inter-  
 rupted by the matin bell; and she haf-  
 tened to the chapel. The nuns were just  
 entering, and she stood on one side to let  
 them pass. They all went by slowly, and  
 in pairs, followed by four novices; the  
 latter were all veiled, but ELINOR re-  
 marked one of them, the striking grace of  
 whose figure could not be concealed by  
 the uncouth habit of the order. This  
 young lady looked round, and immediately  
 funk,

funk, fainting on the pavement. The fair LUSIGNAN assisted the sister novices to convey her to the parlour, where her veil being thrown off, shewed the pale, but interesting countenance of Lady EMMA DE SANTERRE. It was not long before she recovered, and threw herself into the arms of ELINOR, unable to express her transports at this meeting; but suddenly starting from her embrace, she enquired, with an eagerness that seemed involuntary, for the Marquis DE JULIEN, and asked why he had left his bride?

“ He is not married, my dear EMMA,” replied ELINOR, blushing, “ nor do I know where he at present is.” EMMA perceived by her manner that she felt a restraint in the presence of the novices, and her own emotion being in a great measure subsided, she said, addressing herself to them, ‘ My sisters, the Lady Abbefs when informed of my indisposition,

‘ will

‘ will excuse my attendance at matins.  
 ‘ But let us not keep you from your de-  
 ‘ votions; you will find us here at your  
 ‘ return from chapel.’

The young nuns were not at a loss to  
 see that their company was by no means  
 desirable to the friends, and immediately  
 withdrew.

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### CHAP. XXXII.

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Now sadly gay, of pleasures past the fings:

PENROSE.

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As soon as the novices were retired,  
 EMMA thus resumed: ‘ But whence is it,  
 ‘ my ELINOR, that I see you here, when  
 ‘ I imagined you happy with your parents?  
 ‘ Ah! how often, during my most miser-  
 ‘ able hours, has it been a consolation to  
 ‘ me, to think that you and ST. LAURE  
 ‘ were

‘ were enjoying felicity, unembittered even  
‘ by a thought of what the poor EMMA  
‘ was suffering.’

“ You wrong me,” said ELINOR, blushing from a secret consciousness of having been too regardless of the fate of the sweet EMMA, “ in imagining I could be “ indifferent to your welfare. But, I be-  
“ seech you to tell me all that has hap-  
“ pened since we parted; and why I find  
“ you a novice in a convent at Lyons,  
“ when I thought your destiny—”

“ Seemed designing to dispose of me  
‘ very differently,’ said EMMA, interrupt-  
ing her: ‘ but time changes the face of  
‘ many things; and time has reconciled  
‘ me to a step which, hardly three weeks  
‘ ago, I should have thought on with ter-  
‘ ror; but it can never subdue in my soul  
‘ the remorse, the shame I feel, when I  
‘ tell you that I am an ingrate, an alien,  
‘ a fugitive. Oh! ELINOR, I have left  
‘ my

‘ my father’s house in defiance of prudence, principle, and reputation.’

EMMA could not command her tears, and the sorrow she expressed for her elopement brought forcibly to the mind of ELINOR how much more culpable *she* was in her flight from Loncilles, since she had not the excuse of repeated and detected villainy in a father, whose power over her was boundless. She bitterly repented not having waited at least, till she tried whether she could not move the Marquis to reject her reluctant hand. With unavailing regret, she now was almost certain that, had she thrown herself on his generosity and honour, she would have been freed from her terrors of a forced marriage, since his conduct to her had, from the time he knew her attachment to HENRY, been that of the fondest brother. While these reflections filled her mind, she said to EMMA, “ EMMA, there is a similarity in

“ our

" our fates; I am also a fugitive from  
 " the mansion of my parents, and without  
 " those pleas in excuse that you possess.  
 " Yet, I hope, my breach of duty is not  
 " unpardonable; since I only fled from a  
 " forced marriage with a person I could  
 " neither esteem nor love. The Marquis  
 " DE JULIEN is entitled to a more splen-  
 " did alliance——"

" The Marquis DE JULIEN!" exclaimed  
 EMMA, in a voice of pleased surprise, yet  
 blushing deeply, " St. LAURE! is it pos-  
 sible? Have you indeed rejected him?  
 Even fled to avoid him?"

ELLINOR, who could not be at a loss to  
 account for the emotion of EMMA, simi-  
 larly observed to her, that she seemed in-  
 terested in the Marquis's attachments.  
 EMMA, blushing again, replied, " I will  
 not attempt to disguise my partiality;  
 since it need not cost me a blush! St.  
 LAURE was, when my heart became  
 sensible

‘ sensible of his merit, my tutor, my companion, and my friend! He corrected my faults, and treated my trifling merits with indulgence, and did all in his power to make me estimable! He loves you, and therefore never can be mine! But never shall the heart which he first taught sensibility, be bestowed on another! EMMA cannot constitute the felicity of ST. LAURE’s existence, and her own is of no value!’

“ Your prospects, my amiable friend,” said ELINOR, “ are brighter than you imagine them to be. If the Marquis ever loved me, he can now never hope to call me his, and his passion must of course expire; and he will then doubtless be sensible of your superior merits.”

‘ Ah, ELINOR! you flatter yourself; absence is often the nurse, rather than the cure of love, for I have heard it said, that the mind dwells with more tenderness

ness on the idea of an absent friend; as  
 ' in the grave of those whom we have  
 ' ever loved all their errors are forgotten,  
 ' and their virtues alone remembered.'

A silence ensued, in which EMMA seemed  
 endeavouring to collect her thoughts, and  
 dispose them in the calm of indifference;  
 she then began the following relation:

' To you, ELINOR, I need not scruple  
 ' to say, that at the time I thought ST.  
 ' LAURE had killed the Count, my prin-  
 ' cipal regret arose from the cruel belief  
 ' that he, who was so dear to me, should  
 ' have embrued his hands in the blood of  
 ' my father; whom (though I could nei-  
 ' ther love nor respect) I could not cease  
 ' to remember as the author of my being.  
 ' As soon as I was a little composed, I  
 ' rung for my woman, and AGNES at last  
 ' came to me. Her countenance was im-  
 ' pressed with terror, and she told me,  
 ' what I before knew, that her master was  
 ' desperately

‘ desperately wounded. I believe AGNES  
‘ was surprised to see me so little shocked;  
‘ for, in truth, I thought myself happy  
‘ that he was not dead. I enquired  
‘ where he was, and asked with a palpi-  
‘ tating heart if the assassin was secured? I  
‘ received for answer, that the Count had  
‘ been carried into the North parlour; but  
‘ that the confusion was such, that she  
‘ could not find out whether the murderer  
‘ had been taken, or if he was, where he  
‘ had been conveyed to. I hastened to  
‘ the room where my father was, and im-  
‘ mediately on my entrance he perceived  
‘ me. “Ha! traitress!” cried he, in a  
voice to which rage lent strength, “art  
“ thou come to howl over the victim,  
“ thou hast caused to bleed? But I will  
“ have vengeance on thee and thy vile  
“ accomplice! Nothing shall remove you  
“ from my power. Take that wretch,”  
he cried to his attendants, “ to the grated  
“ room

“ room at the top of the North tower,  
“ and there secure her in prison!” “ His  
“ voice failed him, as my senses almost did  
“ me, when two ill-looking men seized me  
“ by the arms, and forced me along a  
“ gloomy passage to the North tower; they  
“ had no light but that of a lamp, that  
“ hung in an archway at some distance; so  
“ that when they came to the foot of the  
“ stairs, it was so dark, that they feared to  
“ ascend. One of the men said he would  
“ go for a lamp, and desired his companion  
“ to detain me in the lowest room. He  
“ then opened a narrow door, and forced  
“ me in, my guard remaining at the out-  
“ side. In the transient hope of finding  
“ another door by which to escape, I  
“ groped my way along the wall till I came  
“ to what seemed a bedstead; stumbling at  
“ that moment, I put out my hand to save  
“ myself from falling, and laid it on the  
“ face of a person who was lying in the  
“ bed

' bed. I screamed, and started away from  
 ' the place in which I stood; I then heard  
 ' a hollow sound proceeding from a dis-  
 ' tant part of the room, and immediately  
 ' a deep groan. At that moment the man  
 ' who had gone for the light, returned  
 ' with a torch, and opened the door. His  
 ' companion seized my arm, and was drag-  
 ' ging me away; when, in an agony of  
 ' terror, I intreated he would see what un-  
 ' happy mortal it was who seemed to have  
 ' that moment expired: I had formed a  
 ' dreadful idea that it was ST. LAURE,  
 ' who had been prevented flying with you,  
 ' and, having been wounded, had been  
 ' brought here to die. This horrible  
 ' opinion was almost confirmed, when the  
 ' fellow to whom I spoke, looking at me  
 ' with a countenance of the most savage  
 ' ferocity and distrust, shook his head in  
 ' silence, and forced me to ascend the spiral  
 ' stair-case that leads round the tower, and

‘ on which all the doors open. My conductors led me into the upper room of this tower, which is circular, and belongs to the ancient part of the castle of Dejeune. There were two little windows, very high from the floor, and strongly grated, with many fractures in the glass. The furniture was befitting this gloomy chamber, and consisted only of a miserable pallet bed, a few chairs, or rather stools, and an old table. My conductors, having forced me within the door, barred it, and departed. I then perceived that there was a square aperture in the strong nailed door, with a grating before it, and a turning box like those used in convents under it. I looked through the grating, but could only see the flashing of the torch on the walls, as he who bore it wound round the tower; but it soon vanished, and even that appearance of having human beings near me, was denied

' nied me. My mind now became a prey  
 ' to despair and horror, from the dread of  
 ' an enraged and cruel father, and the still  
 ' more bitter reflection, that it was too  
 ' probable ST. LAURE had fallen a victim  
 ' to savage barbarity, in the execution of  
 ' an enterprise in which I had engaged  
 ' him; now were my sufferings solely on  
 ' his account; I felt for the situation to  
 ' which you must be reduced, by the loss  
 ' of your protector, should you even have  
 ' effected your escape, which I hardly  
 ' hoped you had. In short, I believe I  
 ' felt more severely from having merely  
 ' conjecture to found my sorrow on account  
 ' of ST. LAURE, than I could have done  
 ' from the most dreadful certainty. The  
 ' next morning a man brought me my  
 ' breakfast, and of him I enquired for my  
 ' father. I learned that his wound had  
 ' been examined, and found not mortal;  
 ' and that he was highly enraged at me,

‘ whom he declared to be the instigator  
‘ and accomplice of his murderer; he did  
‘ not, however, name him, and no person  
‘ could even guess who had perpetrated  
‘ the deed, nor had any one been seized  
‘ on suspicion. The man added, that the  
‘ guests, who had been in the castle the  
‘ preceding night, had avoided, by imme-  
‘ diate departure, a tedious examination  
‘ of what concern they might have had in  
‘ the crime which they found had been  
‘ committed.

‘ I took heaven to witness that I was  
‘ innocent of the guilt laid to my charge;  
‘ and, by bribing the man, induced him  
‘ to be the bearer of a message to my fa-  
‘ ther, requesting that he would admit me  
‘ into his presence to clear myself of this  
‘ injurious charge. My messenger soon  
‘ returned with a denial of the favour I  
‘ had asked, but brought me a parcel of  
‘ linen sent by my good AGNES.

‘ As

‘ As my heart was now relieved from  
‘ a load of anguish, from the certainty  
‘ that you and ST. LAURE had effected a  
‘ secure retreat, I was now sufficiently at  
‘ ease to open the parcel AGNES had sent  
‘ me, and found in it a billet in her hand,  
‘ informing me briefly, that she was em-  
‘ ployed in constant attendance on the  
‘ Count, with whom she was become a  
‘ great favourite; and that she had advised  
‘ him to keep the keys of my prison him-  
‘ self, as she would then have an opportu-  
‘ nity of stealing them from him, and set-  
‘ ting me at liberty; concluding with a  
‘ desire, that I would be in readiness for  
‘ flight when I saw her. I now found the  
‘ advantage of my uniform kindness to  
‘ this amiable girl, who was the orphan  
‘ daughter of a gentleman of Picardy; and  
‘ relying on her affectionate zeal, began  
‘ to form a thousand airy schemes of fe-  
‘ licity, when my liberty should be restored.

‘ But

‘ But that æra seemed to be yet distant.  
 ‘ AGNES came not that night, and my  
 ‘ anxiety became very great, when, as I  
 ‘ regularly counted the hours, five past,  
 ‘ yet she did not appear.

‘ The unusual splendour of the morn-  
 ‘ ing sun found its way through the grated  
 ‘ windows of my prison, and, together  
 ‘ with the singing of the birds, (which I  
 ‘ distinctly heard) disposed my mind to  
 ‘ more cheerfulness than it had long, very  
 ‘ long enjoyed.

‘ How froward is human nature, ELI-  
 ‘ NOR! I was unhappy before I was  
 ‘ treated with severity; and though many  
 ‘ sources of pleasure still remained to me,  
 ‘ they were as nought. The glorious  
 ‘ beams of the rising or the setting sun  
 ‘ could not then enliven or charm me!—  
 ‘ the songs of the birds, had no power to  
 ‘ please!—the flowers bloomed in vain,  
 ‘ and gaiety and peace were banished from  
 ‘ my

' my heart. When in my prison, my  
 ' misery was augmented: yet, from ex-  
 ' ternal objects I derived pleasure; they  
 ' had a power which proved to me the  
 ' truth of this observation! The mind,  
 ' when under the pressure of little evils,  
 ' gives way to them; but from an increased  
 ' load, it derives an elasticity which enables  
 ' it to shake off all.

' But to return to my story. Night ar-  
 ' rived, and I determined to spend it as the  
 ' former, without sleep. AGNES came  
 ' not. I told the hours: ten, eleven,  
 ' twelve, passed alike, and it was near one  
 ' before AGNES opened my door. I em-  
 ' braced her. "Fly!" said she, "you  
 " are at liberty, I have procured you the  
 " means of escaping with safety and pro-  
 " priety. A gentleman of unblemished  
 " honour, who knew me in the lifetime  
 " of my father, and (fallen as I am) is  
 " willing to unite his hand with mine,

“ will be your guide and protector. He  
“ waits below to convey you to a place of  
“ safety; so that you have only to be  
“ speedy in leaving the castle.” “ But  
“ my father,” I cried, “ how is he?” “ Not  
“ better, yet the disorder of his mind  
“ bodes him worse than his wound.”  
“ And shall his daughter,” said I, “ increase  
“ his sufferings, by an imprudent and dif-  
“ graceful flight? Leave you too, AGNES,  
“ exposed to his rage—” “ I fear it  
“ not!” she interrupted, “ the Count  
“ cannot discover your elopement till to-  
“ morrow, and I shall not dread his anger.  
“ I am free, and despise his power. Nay,  
“ so far from denying, I shall glory in ha-  
“ ving given you liberty.” “ I soon  
“ yielded to the persuasions of the gentle,  
“ yet resolute AGNES, and descended the  
“ stairs; from the bottom of the tower she  
“ led me through a small court to the out-  
“ er one of the castle. Here at a little dis-  
“ tance

tance we perceived a gentleman, leaning  
 on the neck of one horse, and holding a  
 second by the bridle; he hastened to-  
 wards us, and AGNES, who held my  
 hand, presented it to him, and said,  
 "CARLOS, protect this injured lady, and  
 "serve her at the peril of your life, to  
 "repay, if possible, the obligations I owe  
 "to her kindness. When you have ac-  
 "quitted yourself of this trust, you will  
 "find me at the convent of St. Augustin."  
 AGNES embraced me, and, her lover  
 thanking her for her confidence in him,  
 assisted me to mount my horse; when,  
 after a tender adieu to the amiable girl,  
 we set off.

DON CARLOS did all in his power to  
 sooth and reassure me during the first part  
 of our journey, which was performed  
 on horseback. We took a carriage at  
 D— and thence proceeded. My com-  
 pany spoke of his mistress, of her

‘ beauty, her virtue, her accomplishments,  
‘ and her humility under unmerited mis-  
‘ fortunes; it seems, that they had been  
‘ many years attached, but he had only a  
‘ few weeks before had it in his power to  
‘ marry her, by the death of DON JUAN  
‘ D’ESTELLA, his father. This Spaniard,  
‘ who seemed above thirty, had seen much  
‘ of the world; was polite, intelligent,  
‘ and agreeable in his person, nor was I  
‘ the less disposed in his favour, when I  
‘ found that he was of the DE JULIEN  
‘ family. He attended me hither, and  
‘ placed me under the protection of an aunt  
‘ of his, one of the senior nuns, who,  
‘ however, insisted on my entering on a  
‘ noviciate; which I had no objection to,  
‘ as the sisterhood will on that account the  
‘ more readily protect me, and I shall have  
‘ a whole year to decide on what I shall  
‘ do. I have now been here near three  
‘ weeks, and have only seen DON CAR-

‘ LOS

‘ LOS once; he promised to come often;  
 ‘ but as he was at his last visit on the  
 ‘ point of marriage with the charming  
 ‘ AGNES, he has not come since. He  
 ‘ then brought me this letter from my bro-  
 ‘ ther, which AGNES had intercepted at  
 ‘ Dejeune, in order to send it to me.’

As EMMA concluded, she put the letter into the hand of ELINOR, and the nuns that instant returning from chapel, the daughter of LUSIGNAN bade her friend adieu, and retired to her cell.



## CHAP. XXXIII.

Let us with silent footsteps go,  
 To charnels and the house of woe,  
 To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,  
 Where each sad night some virgin comes  
 With throbbing breast and faded cheek.

WHARTON.

ELINOR, when alone, opened the letter which had been given her, and dwelt with transport on the characters of HENRY. In the beginning of his epistle, he alluded to a confidence he had reposed in his sister, which ELINOR justly concluded regarded his attachment to herself, and then continued in these words:—

“ This lovely, this subduing woman, is  
 “ now lost to me; lost by her own incon-  
 “ stancy; for she now weds another. But  
 “ can

“ can ELINOR be inconstant? Can that  
“ beautiful and intelligent countenance,  
“ which I had fondly fancied the index of  
“ a pure and delicate mind, be deceitful?  
“ ELINOR weds another! and that should  
“ teach me to conquer my weakness, or  
“ at least to blush for it. But, my EMMA,  
“ I find it impossible; and to conceal it  
“ from the cruel woman, who, having de-  
“ ceived me, would deride my credulous  
“ folly, I must bid adieu to my native  
“ country, nor return to it, till revolving  
“ years have obliterated from my remem-  
“ brance the image of the fair, but faith-  
“ less ELINOR. I know you will try to  
“ detain me, but it cannot be. Lament  
“ not, my EMMA, the absence of your  
“ brother, but pity those misfortunes and  
“ disappointments that forbid him to hope  
“ for peace in his native land. Let what  
“ will be my destiny, to you my heart will  
“ ever turn as a reposing-place for its sor-

“ rows,

“ rows, and for commiseration of its  
“ wretchedness. Whether I roam over  
“ the trackless waste of waters, or sleep  
“ upon its foaming billows;—whether I  
“ wander forlorn and solitary through the  
“ heats of India, or the snows of Lapland;  
“ in France my better part must remain.  
“ My affections, EMMA, must still be with  
“ you. But not even your friendship and  
“ tenderness could reconcile me to an  
“ abode in a land where every charm, wont  
“ to salute me, is now contaminated by  
“ the remembrance of the too-captivating  
“ and false ELINOR! and where every  
“ scene must powerfully remind me of  
“ that, where her vows were plighted to  
“ me; those vows, which, broken as they  
“ now are, constitute at once my delight  
“ and the bane of my peace. Seek not  
“ then, my sister, to detain me in a coun-  
“ try, where every object must recall to  
“ memory the source of those sorrows that  
“ destroy

“ destroy me. No. Let me, in some de-  
“ fert wild, seek a restoration of that tran-  
“ quillity of which she has deprived me.  
“ Those smiling vallies, in which I was  
“ formerly so blest, now disgust me, and  
“ I feel the full force of the observation  
“ which your dear mother once made:  
‘ Nature heeds not whether we are happy  
‘ or miserable. The sun shines, the woods,  
‘ the fields, and flowers, still wear their  
‘ gay liveries; but the mind, clouded by  
‘ sorrow, casts her sombre hints over every  
‘ object, and we believe them changed.’  
“ I almost blush for having thus yielded  
“ to grief, and indulged complaints, that I  
“ know will give pain to the soft bosom of  
“ my **EMMA**, without relieving myself.”

**ELINOR** was by this time almost blinded with her tears, which she tried in vain to reprefs. For the image of **HENRY**, driven by her supposed falsehood from his friends and native country, a forlorn and  
exiled

exiled wanderer, haunted her imagination, and wrung her heart to agony. Again she perused his letter, written under the sufferings of disappointed love and broken friendship; it was not dated, so she could not be certain that at that moment a vast expanse of ocean did not roll between them. A ray of hope dawned on her sinking heart, and she took up a pen to write to HENRY, to unfold to him all that had lately past, and to recall him from error. But recollecting the declaration she had made, (in the letter she left behind her at Loncilles) that her lover should remain in ignorance of her retreat, she flung the pen from her, saying, with bitterness,

“ Cruel, cruel honour! thy dictates, if  
 “ obeyed, compel me to permit him I love  
 “ to become an unhappy exile from all  
 “ he holds dear. Oh! HENRY! forgive  
 “ me, that I suffer you to feel one pang  
 “ which I could remove.”

ELINOR

ELINOR had all her life had a strict regard to honour, which might have been esteemed even romantic; but it arose from the purity of her mind, and the delicacy of sentiment she had been taught to cherish. It was evening before she could enough compose herself to admit even EMMA, who came frequently to her door intreating to be permitted to share her sorrow. From her young friend she determined to conceal the cause of her distress; since to bid her conceal from a justly-beloved brother what would restore peace to his bosom, would be impossible; and she considered that there was, in effect, little difference between informing him of his error, and her present residence herself, or permitting EMMA to do it. When, therefore, that young lady pressed her to relate the occasion of her tears, she only said, "I conjure you, dear EMMA, to  
" spare me on this subject: I cannot speak

" on

“ on it without pain, in which you must  
“ be a sharer. Ask me not the reason of  
“ my conduct, but if it should appear  
“ strange to you, let me still be indebted to  
“ you for your esteem.” EMMA imme-  
diately ceased to importune her, conclud-  
ing that ELINOR felt sorry for the misery  
to which her inconstancy had doomed  
HENRY, and dreaded reproaches from his  
sister; she wished to tell her, she would  
never upbraid her; but delicacy prevented  
her doing so, since that would shew she  
thought it was deserved.

In the time of Madame DE SEGARLO,  
the late superieure, the pensioners, and such  
of the nuns as chose it, used to assemble  
in the evening in the abbess’s parlour, to  
spend a few hours in conversation previ-  
ous to retiring to rest. This custom, Ma-  
dame DE RONCEVAL (though her pride  
made her discourage it) had not entirely  
discontinued; and, as the nuns usually  
availed

availed themselves of this social time, **ELINOR** fixed on it for visiting the grave of **OLIVIA**. She took no light with her, as she knew there was always a lamp burning in the chapel; and when it grew dusk she stole into the church. The high windows of painted glass dimly admitted the rays of fading light; and in the long aisles, only the darker shade of a pillar here and there shewed through the gloom that it was not yet night. A glimmering lamp, that stood on the steps of the altar, emitted a feeble ray; and **ELINOR**, taking it in her hand, proceeded towards the vault. It was at the farthest extremity of the church; and **ELINOR**, as the echo of her steps ran in whispers through the extensive and solitary chapel, felt a secret dread stealing over her senses; but re-collecting all her courage, she removed the slight fastenings, and descended by a few steps into the mansions of the dead. The vault was one of those

not

not uncommon ones, which may be called catacombs rather than vaults; it was of great extent, and considerable height, and contained many tombs of noble families. Close to that of the **VERVILLONS**, was the humble grave of **OLIVIA**. Her tomb-stone was of white marble, a little raised above the earth, and on it was a simple inscription, telling her name and age.

**ELINOR**, having read it, knelt down, and with fast-flowing tears prayed for the repose of her soul. She was still weeping over the tablet, when a sigh near her drew her attention. She raised her head, which reclined on her crossed arms, and perceived two monks standing beside her. She rose hastily; but one of them, gently detaining her, said, ‘Lady, permit us to join you in your prayers.’

**ELINOR** instantly recognized the voice of **ANSELMO**, whom she had seen in Savoy; and in the other, she beheld

**FRANCIS**

FRANCIS DE VERVILLON, the lover of OLIVIA. "Merciful God!" cried she, "how is this?"

ANSELMO was at that moment looking on the tomb, and, trembling violently, he caught the arm of his companion, unable to utter a word. But soon resignation spread her calm over his soul, and beamed on his faded countenance; he faintly said, 'My long-lost sister!' and tears rolled down his cheeks. The agitation he had felt, seemed now transferred to FRANCIS, who wildly demanded if he was the brother of OLIVIA DÉ RIVIERA?

'Alas, I am,' he replied, deeply sighing. "And have you totally forgotten "FRANCIS DE VERVILLON? Oh, ALBERT! my first and dearest friend!"

They now embraced each other; and ALBERT incoherently related the manner in which he escaped death, when reported to be killed; a recital, to which ELINOR listened

listened in horror and astonishment; and then, finding both **VERVILLON** and his friend absorbed in sorrowful contemplation, she returned to the silence and quiet of her cell.

It is now necessary to go back about nineteen years, to the time when **RIVIERA** was supposed to die.

Death, it has been said, shuns the miserable; and though this unhappy man sought it in every shape, he never even received a wound, till on the day that victory crowned the arms of his party at \_\_\_\_\_. It was then, that, during the triumphant return of the troops to their former station, an unknown person directed a dagger to the heart of **RIVIERA**, and seeing him fall, hastened to his execrable employer with the news of his death. That it was the Baron **DE RONÇAN** who had directed the steel of the assassin, need scarcely be mentioned; and his motive for a deed so atrocious,

atrocious, is equally obvious. The wretch who had perpetrated it, was amply rewarded by the cautious villain the Baron, who, in order to secure his secrecy, confined him, (under pretence of having attempted his life) to a dungeon beneath the castle of Dejeune, for upwards of sixteen years; where this wretched man was frequently left destitute of a supply of food, till his constitution became so enfeebled, that, having once fasted a few hours beyond the usual time, he expired of hunger, on the night that ELINOR, wandering in the vaults of Dejeune, was a witness of his last agony.

As the evening was almost shut in, when RIVIERA received his wound, his fall was not observed by the soldiers, who left him on the field, from whence he was borne by a party of the enemy who came to bury their dead. He was taken to their camp, and every means used for his recovery, though

though it was long before he could be said to do more than breathe. It happened that the Prince of — had been wounded in battle some time before; and though by the skill of his surgeons his life had been preserved, his health had suffered so materially, that he quitted the army to return to — by water, and his humanity induced him to desire the unfortunate Portuguese might be brought on board his vessel, for the benefit of greater care, and the salubrious air of —. But their short voyage was interrupted by an Algerine corsair, who carried them into Algiers.

The Prince of — was immediately ransomed; as were all his suite, together with **ALBERT**, who (having been constantly attended by the surgeons of the Prince) was almost perfectly recovered. By the time they returned to Christendom, the peace of the year — was concluded, and

and RIVIERA hastened to France. He found that the report he heard at Lisbon, of the death of his wife and child was but too true; and having in vain tried to discover traces of his sister, he adopted a singular conduct. During his short stay in France, he had seen but very few persons of whom he had any knowledge; and even from those few, the romantic eccentricity of his character induced him to conceal who he was, a deceit not difficult to practise, from the very great alteration of his person, and his being supposed to be dead. He then retired into Savoy, to be near the spot where the remains of his CLARA reposèd, and entered a convent on the borders of the lake of Loncilles. Some unpleasant circumstances arising there, he went to Lyons, and, by chance, gained admittance to the monastery where his former friend VERVILLON resided. Though neither knew the other, a similarity of

sentiment made them pleased to be together; and on the evening that the discovery of who they were took place, ALBERT had only come with FRANCIS to visit the tomb of his mistress, to prevent his remaining too long in the repository of the dead, which, in the delicate state in which he evidently was as to health, could not but be injurious.

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### CHAP. XXXIV.

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But love had, like the canker worm,  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale and left her cheek—

MALLET.

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ON the following morning, as ELINOR was returning from matins, she met a lady in one of the passages, whom she recollects to be the Sister of Mercy, whom she had seen on the night of her arrival at the convent.

convent. Sister **GABRIELLA** (so she was called) was about fifty years old; her figure graceful and majestic; and her face had the remains, not of beauty, but that captivating sweetness of expression which some think superior to regularity of features. She saluted **ELINOR**, who would have spoken to her of their last meeting, but her voice faltered, her eyes filled with tears, and in silence they both proceeded to her cell. Here **GABRIELLA** spoke of **OLIVIA**; and **ELINOR**, mentioning how much she had been surprised to hear her speak those pathetic lines of **HAMLET**, she said, 'They were the words of our sublime English bard, and came at that moment so forcibly to my memory and my feelings, that I could not avoid repeating them. I knew **OLIVIA** many, many years ago!' **ELINOR** burst into tears, and **GABRIELLA**, taking her hand, looked in her face with a sort of tender pity, and

wishing to engage her mind on another subject, resumed, ‘ At the time, when I ‘ indulged myself with repeating lines that ‘ in fancy led me to my native land, I had ‘ no idea that there was any person near ‘ me to whom English was in the least in- ‘ telligible; it is not, I think, so much ‘ understood in France, as the language of ‘ this country is in that where I first drew ‘ breath.’

ELINOR enquired if she was a native of Britain? ‘ No,’ she replied, sighing, ‘ but, ‘ perhaps, your curiosity may be excited ‘ in regard to the events that made me, at ‘ this hour of my life, an exile from my ‘ country, and an alien to my family.’

ELINOR confessed, she wished to be informed, and GABRIELLA thus began her history:—

‘ My father was a gentleman of large ‘ fortune in the kingdom of Ireland, and ‘ had only three children, two sons and  
‘ myself.

' myself. My brothers were (as is customary for young men of the Roman Catholick religion) educated on the continent, where they formed connections which induced AMBROSE, the youngest, to enter into the service of the King of Sardinia. One of the captains of the regiment he was in, was the son of a Neapolitan Count; and when he went to visit his family, invited my brother to accompany him. LAURA DE VAREZZI, the sister of his friend, was one of the most beautiful women in Naples, and the idol both of her father and brother; so that, when a mutual attachment made her declare to them, that she could not be happy with any person but AMBROSE, they gave consent to their union, and my brother received the hand of the fair LAURA, who was very rich, and brought her over to present her to his family in Ireland. At Paris, through which city

‘ they passed, they were joined by a relation of LAURA’s, who accompanied them to my father’s house. The young Count DE SANTERRE (so this relation was named) united, to great personal attractions, a seducing softness, and elegance of manners, which many women had already found irresistible. I was then hardly sixteen, lively and volatile, easily led away by my imagination, and not without vanity. The Count thought my innocence a prey worth attempting, stole into my young heart, and I was fatally undone. From that time, my peace and my gaiety forsook me; and though, when in the presence of my seducer, (who was lively to excess) my cheerfulness would sometimes return, still despondence hung about my heart. My lover perceived my anxiety, and renewed all those tender attentions he had for some time ceased to pay me, and though

' though I was conscious that my crime  
 ' could not much longer be concealed, I  
 ' was not unhappy. At last the time  
 ' came for the Count to leave Ireland,  
 ' and, yielding to his persuasions, I com-  
 ' pliated the guilt and imprudence of my  
 ' conduct, by eloping with him to Dau-  
 ' phiné, where lay his principal estates.  
 ' I had, perhaps, cherished a latent hope,  
 ' that he would make me his wife; but he  
 ' never hinted at such an intention, and I  
 ' loved him too well, and was too proud,  
 ' to reproach him with my undoing, or to  
 ' urge him to marry me. SANTERRE  
 ' now became indifferent to me, though  
 ' he continued to insist on my residing with  
 ' him; and often when I held my little  
 ' JULIUS in my arms, and wept over him,  
 ' he would ridicule my fondness, and my  
 ' affliction for the stain I had fixed on the  
 ' birth of my poor baby. At last, my  
 ' situation became intolerable to me, and I

' left my cruel betrayer; I left my infant  
 ' too, that I might not deprive him of the  
 ' protection of his father, and I saw either  
 ' no more. When, on the death of the  
 ' Count, I applied to have my son restored  
 ' to me, the executor of SANTERRE in-  
 ' formed me, that a gentleman had adopted  
 ' the boy, but who he was, or where he  
 ' lived, was unknown.

' You, no doubt, wonder at the calm-  
 ' nes, with which I speak of my misfor-  
 ' tunes! But I have acquired, from long  
 ' and bitter sufferings, a sort of stoicism;  
 ' and the remembrance of my country and  
 ' family, my early errors, the cruelty of  
 ' my betrayer, or the loss of my little  
 ' JULIUS, cannot now draw a sigh from  
 ' my bosom, or disturb the gloomy se-  
 ' renity of despair.' GABRIELLA was at  
 that moment the image of fixed despera-  
 tion; the anguish depicted on her counte-  
 nance was almost terrifying, but she thus  
 continued:

continued! "On leaving the Count, I took  
 ' the name of BONNEVILLE, and was hired  
 ' by the Baron DE RONÇAN as his house-  
 ' keeper, or rather, the directress of his  
 ' household, and gouvernante to a young  
 ' relation who lived with him, who was  
 ' then from home. The first duty of my  
 ' office was to go to Lisbon, and bring  
 ' from thence OLIVIA DE RIVIERA, then  
 ' a child, who was with her brother AL-  
 ' BERT become a ward of the Baron's.  
 ' On my return from Portugal, I first saw  
 ' my future charge CLARA DE MONTAU-  
 ' BAN. She was very young and pretty,  
 ' but the sort of beauty she possessed is  
 ' well described by those lines of an Eng-  
 ' lish poet:

" Her bloom was like the springing flower  
 " Bath'd in the morning dew ;  
 " The rose was budded on her cheek,  
 " Just opening to the view."

MALLET.

‘ Her temper was gentle, timid, and com-  
‘ plying, and her character on the whole  
‘ rather pleasing than estimable.

‘ OLIVIA was very different from her  
‘ young cousin CLARA; her beauty was  
‘ striking, and even in childhood there  
‘ was a decided character in it, which one  
‘ seldom sees; her understanding was  
‘ strong, and her talents brilliant; and  
‘ with great softness of manners, there was  
‘ a warmth in her temper, which some-  
‘ times made her have an appearance of  
‘ haughtiness, which she really did not  
‘ possess. ALBERT DE RIVIERA very much  
‘ resembled his sister both in mind and per-  
‘ son, and the first imprudence the Baron  
‘ DE RONÇAN was guilty of, was permit-  
‘ ting him to live in the same house with a  
‘ very young and very lovely girl. Had  
‘ ALBERT seen CLARA only occasionally,  
‘ or not seen her till he came to an age to  
‘ have his judgment predominate over his  
‘ passions,

‘ passions, his heart would have been in  
‘ no danger from her attractions.

‘ About twenty-five years ago, the  
‘ Count DE SANTERRE died; and I then  
‘ found that, however pride and a sense  
‘ of rectitude had supported me, when se-  
‘ parated from him, I still loved him, and  
‘ my sorrow for his death, together with  
‘ the cruel uncertainty I was left in in re-  
‘ gard to my son, considerably injured my  
‘ health. I made this a pretext for request-  
‘ ing the Baron’s permission to go down  
‘ to a chateau he possessed in Savoy, where  
‘ the housekeeper was lately dead. But  
‘ I had a reason for desiring to go there,  
‘ which I carefully concealed; I had been  
‘ told, that at Loncilles, there was a por-  
‘ trait of the man I had loved to adora-  
‘ tion, which had been drawn in Paris im-  
‘ mediately before his (to me) ill-starred  
‘ visit to Ireland. The Baron permitted  
‘ me to go to Savoy, and I found that I  
‘ had

had not been misinformed in regard to  
the picture. Whole hours have I spent  
gazing on features already indelibly im-  
printed on my heart; and often night  
surprised me, when, forgetting all time,  
I have remained from noon in the cold  
and solitary chamber where the dear  
image was placed. I had been three  
years at Loncilles, when the Count DE  
SANTERRE (for he had inherited the  
title of his relation and my unhappy  
lover) came there, bringing his lady  
with him. It was two days before (in  
the still beautiful but emaciated form of  
the Countess) I discovered that of the  
hapless CLARA DE MONTAUBAN; hea-  
ven knows what arts had been used to  
seduce or terrify her into this fatal mar-  
riage; but her timid spirit was compleatly  
subdued, and her heart, I believe, bro-  
ken. For several weeks that she re-  
mained at Loncilles, the Count scarcely  
left

‘ left her for a moment, and when he did,  
‘ took care that no person should be alone  
‘ with her. When in his presence, she  
‘ never spoke but when he addressed her,  
‘ and then only to him; so that we never  
‘ had any conversation. At last the un-  
‘ fortunate CLARA brought a son into the  
‘ world, and, immediately after his birth,  
‘ became a prey to the most shocking tor-  
‘ ments. Her agonizing shrieks alarmed  
‘ the whole household; and when they  
‘ reached the ears of her husband, caused  
‘ an ashy paleness to overspread his coun-  
‘ tenance. He often came into her cham-  
‘ ber, and as often hurried from it, evi-  
‘ dently shocked by the sight of a form  
‘ and face once so lovely, distorted with  
‘ the pains of death. At length, exhausted  
‘ nature could endure no more, and she  
‘ enjoyed a little ease. I was sitting by  
‘ her bed, and never, never shall I forget  
‘ the scene that ensued.’

“ GABRIELLA! ”

“**GABRIELLA!**” said she, in a feeble and hollow voice, “ my woes will soon be at rest—soon shall the malice of my enemy be satisfied—and my early grave shall receive me—**GABRIELLA**—my son—ah! watch over his innocence—let him not ever know—that his mother—was murdered—I charge you never to disclose what I now tell you—torn from the man on whom I doated—sacrificed to a monster—I die a victim to——”

Her voice became inarticulate, but making a violent effort, she continued, though so low as hardly to be heard distinctly. “ I have been poisoned by my husband, on a suspicion of disloyalty to him! but never, as my soul shall taste of bliss in the world whither I am hastening, have I seen the ill-fated **ALBERT** since compulsion united me to the Count! Yet, **GABRIELLA!** there is a secret.—It may injure my son, should the indiscretion

“*tion of his mother be known!—there is a picture—”* ‘At that moment her agonies returned, and her whole frame becoming convulsed, she yielded up her life.

‘In a short time the Count came into the room, and advancing to the bed, gazed for some moments on the lifeless body of her whom he had destroyed. If ever remorse touched his callous heart, it was at the instant that he cast his eyes on her; its pangs forced a tear down his pale cheek; his lips quivered as he pressed them to the cold hand; and nature wrung a sigh, or rather, a groan from his bosom. I watched by the black and swollen corpse till the third night, and having seen it then laid in its unhallowed grave, I returned to France, and assumed the habit and offices of a sister of mercy. In performing those duties, I discovered **OLIVIA**; but, alas! how very different

' different from the lovely creature whom  
 ' I conducted from Lisbon. As I have  
 ' taken no vows of remaining in my con-  
 ' vent, I am now going from hence to  
 ' Switzerland, on some vague intelligence  
 ' that there my son may be found. But  
 ' hope is dead in me, and from taking  
 ' this journey I expect nothing; I think it  
 ' my duty to use every means for the dis-  
 ' covery of my child, but if I find him not,  
 ' I shall feel no disappointment. My heart  
 ' is long since broken: and that disorder,  
 ' though not immediately mortal, will in  
 ' time terminate all my sorrows. Per-  
 ' haps, before I reach Geneva, or find the  
 ' old Viscount DE ST. CROIX, who can  
 ' alone restore my JULIUS to me—

ELINOR started, and repeated, "The  
 " Viscount DE ST. CROIX!" "Yes,"  
 returned GABRIELLA, "he it was, who,  
 ' being destitute of children, took my son  
 ' from the cottage where his father had  
 ' placed

‘ placed him, and adopted him. He is, I am told, dead; and if so, and my son survives, he bears his title.’

ELINOR, whose benevolent heart found always delight in soothing and imparting comfort to the woes of others, cautiously informed GABRIELLA that her son was certainly living, and in honour and affluence. The unfortunate mother, who seemed to have lost, in the depths of sorrow into which she had been plunged, the faculty of feeling it, and to have sunk into the dull apathy of hopeless despair, which borders almost on insensibility, when told of the existence of her son, seemed to have her sense of suffering renewed; she wept violently, and from the paroxysms of sorrow, occasioned by the remembrance of past times, she would sink at once into a state of total stillness, and neither by tears or sighs, betray the torture of her heart. ELINOR tried to rouse her unhappy companion

panion from this lethargy of woe; she at last became more composed, and extorted from her compassionate young friend an account of all she knew respecting ST. CROIX; which naturally led to an explanation of his sentiments in favour of the amiable MADALINE DE VILLIERES, whom GABRIELLA requested ELINOR would send for to the convent.

MADALINE had with her brother been by chance detained in Lyons, and the former willingly attended the summons. It was impossible to see GABRIELLA without feeling interested about her; but when MADALINE looked up to her as the mother of her beloved ST. CROIX, who regarded her with tender kindness, she felt her heart dilate with affectionate transport. GABRIELLA asked MADALINE if she could so far overcome prejudice as to accompany her to Switzerland, in search of her son. MADALINE blushed, but replied,

“ Ah!

“ Ah! Madam, surely prejudice should  
 “ not weigh with me, above the considera-  
 “ tion of what I owe the parent of M. DE  
 “ ST. CROIX. I have no pretensions to  
 “ that scrupulous delicacy, which high-  
 “ born fair-ones should shew. And my  
 “ ST. CROIX will rather love me more,  
 “ for having softened the inconvenience of  
 “ sickness and travelling to you.”

GABRIELLA was highly pleased with the conduct of this amiable girl; and on the following morning, they set out on their way to the territory of Geneva, whither they were to proceed by easy journeys.



Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves,  
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep.

Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves,  
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep.

**E**LINOR, now restored to the state of joyless tranquillity she had enjoyed before the sorrows of **GABRIELLA**, called her mind into exertion, returned to the melancholy employment of thinking on **HENRY**. To his sister she forbore to speak of him, nor did she indulge herself in mournful contemplation on his destiny, except in solitude. When alone in her confined apartment, he was ever present to her imagination; did the blast howl at her casement, she dreaded lest he was exposed to its fury; and when the jarring elements burst in thunder, she pictured

TAHO

HENRY

HENRY struggling with the tempest, cast on some desert coast, perhaps a prey to wild beasts. These uneasy thoughts haunted her fancy when waking, and frequently disturbed her unquiet slumbers. Her spirits sunk; her bloom faded; and her health was considerably impaired by anxiety. She felt a sickly desire to breathe a freer air, than that of the convent garden; and as the order was not a strict one, Madame DE RONCEVAL permitted her, accompanied by Lady EMMA, and attended by one of the old nuns, to walk beyond the walls at such hours as it was not likely they would meet any one. ELINOR, when she found the indulgence was only admitted on condition that she and her friend were to be watched by one of the sisterhood, was willing to forego it; but EMMA intreated her not to do so, promising the nun should not be any restraint on them. She therefore selected, as their attendant,

an

an old sister, so very deaf, and from the habitual gloom in which she had existed above thirty years, so extremely dull and incurious, that she could not possibly be any trouble to them; and they resolved early the ensuing morning to begin their walk. The convent was but a short distance from the city, and, like most of the religious houses in France, (particularly the Lyonois) in a very beautiful situation: on the sloping bank of the Rhone, a hill rose behind it, partly shaded with woods, partly pasture, or plantations of the vine and olive.

The morning was just dawning with the gloomy serenity of approaching winter, when the two friends, with their gouvernante, began to ascend the steep, in order to have a view of the effects of sunrise on the river. Having gained the top of an abrupt point of land shooting out from the shore, they stood still, and watched

the

the slow dispersion of the gloom; there was no wind, but that light flutter that returns at intervals, and seems to sigh over the trees, as their foliage softly rustles; and the vapours, now ascending from the river, rolled up the hills in heavy volumes. At length the sun reddened the atmosphere, and by degrees changed, or made the objects distinguishable; the summits of the Alps shone with the first tender tints of early light, and in time seemed all on fire, except where, almost beyond the reach of vision, their acclivities were faintly touched with that vivid purple, which is seen on high mountains at sun-rise and sun-set.

ELINOR was silent; she was comparing the prospect before her with the romantic ones that had so much delighted her in Savoy, the valley of Loncilles, and the far, far-seen Glacieres, that there bounded her view. Her mind flew back

in

in idea to the scenes she had abandoned, and to a mother whom she still fondly loved, in despite of her unkindness.

EMMA complaining of cold, they now moved, though to a greater distance from the convent, and toward some vestiges of an ancient temple, whose broken and mouldering columns were lying in huge fragments, half overgrown with weeds and briars. As they sauntered among the ruins, ELINOR observed a person in a hunting dress, standing with his back to them, and apparently employed in carving on the bark of a tree. Lady EMMA did not happen to observe him, and ELINOR, without saying any thing about him, drew her young friend from the place; as they were descending the hill to the convent, they saw another man in the path before them, whose figure (for as he was going from them, they could see no more) was as different from that of the seeming hunt-

er,

er, as could well be conceived, it was in the highest degree grotesque and uncouth. ELINOR, ill, dispirited, and from habit and inclination averse to exciting observation, slackened her pace, to let him reach the convent before them; but her design was frustrated by the man suddenly turning and coming up the hill to meet them. As he went by, he cast a scowling glance at ELINOR, who was next him; she caught his eye, and shrank from his regard, since in his countenance she beheld one she had before seen, and whose savage expression she had never been able to obliterate from her remembrance. Fearful of alarming her companion, she endeavoured to conceal the shock the sight of this person had given her; but quickening her steps, they soon re-entered the convent. The bell almost instantly summoned the sisterhood to prayers, and EMMA went to the chapel, while ELINOR, complaining of not being

well, retired to her cell. Here she was at liberty to deliberate on the probable consequences of her being discovered by the person whom she had met on the hill.

On the following evening, **EMMA** intreated her friend to take advantage of the abbess's permission again to walk beyond the walls, but she pleaded illness, to excuse herself from running the chance of again encountering the man she had seen. **EMMA**, however, who was become a favourite with Madame **DE RONCEVAL**, obtained from her leave to go out attended as before. In about an hour the nun returned in the utmost dismay, with the intelligence that the young Countess was gone, she knew not whither. The only account she could give of her was, that, soon after they left the convent-gate, Lady **EMMA**, being a little before her, was concealed by a projection of rock; that not having an idea of danger to her charge,

she

she had stopped to take a thorn out of her own foot, and then advancing, found the Countess was gone, nor could her repeated calls procure any answer.

The nuns were divided in their opinions respecting the absence of the fair novice. Some averred that she had been carried away by devils, and others, whose judgment was less obscured by superstition, contented themselves with the more probable conclusion, that some lover had been the cause and means of her disappearance. To the first of these opinions, Madame DE RONCEVAL seemed to lean; for though a woman of too much sense to give credit to tales founded only in absurdity and credulity, as she was conscious that some blame might be laid to her charge for the unusual liberty allowed the young novice, she chose rather to sanction so convenient a belief as that of her having been conveyed away by superna-

tural means. At the head of the latter party, was Madame CARONZO, the aunt of DON CARLOS D'ESTELLA, who, having (under a strict injunction of secrecy) been intrusted with EMMA's history, now related every circumstance of it, in the way least favourable to the unfortunate absentee, adding a benevolent conjecture that the young lady was not condemned without reason by her father.

But amidst the general consternation caused by this event, none suffered more severely than poor ELINOR, who had no doubt that her young friend was again in the power of the inhuman, and now doubly incensed Count DE SANTERRE. She knew the situation of EMMA too well to have the slightest idea of her having eloped with a lover; and though, in confirmation of this conjecture, those who supported it spoke of no outcry having been made, ELINOR recollects that the old nun, who had

had attended her friend, was too deaf to have heard her cries, even had not the persons who seized, prevented her making any noise. **ELINOR** spent the night in tears and uneasiness, and as soon as the day dawned, she went, she scarcely knew with what hope or view, to the place where she had been the preceding morning; almost unconsciously she called on **EMMA**; but surprise and alarm made her hurry away, when she perceived the same Chevalier she had before seen there, standing among the ruins. His face was now towards her; but, too much agitated to observe his features, she walked hastily away, nor stopped till she reached the gate of the convent. She then turned, and saw the Chevalier closely following her, accompanied by the very man who had, by his appearance, so much alarmed her. The latter now passed on, but the former

stopping, said with eager haste, ‘Lady,  
‘you belong to this convent?’

ELINOR, astonished both at the speech  
and the manner of it, replied, “I do.”

“Then you know Lady EMMA DE  
SANTERRE?” “Intimately.”

“I would speak with her,” resumed the  
stranger.

“Alas!” cried ELINOR, “she is not  
“here, she was yesternight missing, and we  
“know not what is become of her! Per-  
“haps she has fallen into——”

She paused, and the stranger who had  
hitherto hardly looked at ELINOR, raised  
his eyes to her face; he seemed struck  
with her beauty, and yet more by her  
tears; he clasped his hands, exclaiming,  
“Impossible! Oh! can she indeed have  
left this retreat? I cannot, Madam, doubt  
what you tell me, and the Countess has  
much I fear to dread.”

Another pause followed: ELINOR was  
unable

unable to speak, and the Chevalier, in a few moments recollecting himself, said, 'Have I not the honour to address Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN?' ELINOR hesitating, he added, 'Fear not, from me, deceit or wrong. To injure you were impossible, but tell me, am I not right?'

ELINOR uttered a trembling and reluctant "Yes," and the stranger, with an air that added to her terror and perplexity, at this address resumed, 'I would fain give you information, which is of some consequence to you. But the present is no time for explanation, such as my business requires. Can you, Madam, meet me here, three evenings hence, an hour before dark?'

"Wherefore? Or for why?" cried ELINOR, who had recovered from her first surprise only to be thrown into a second, "I know not, sir, what concern you can have in my affairs?"

"That,"

‘ That,’ exclaimed the Chevalier with animation, ‘ which beauty, innocence, and calamity, must create in every generous mind. My name is **CARLOS D'ESTELLA**, I am a Castilian, lady; and a Spaniard values his honour above all the world. Mine is engaged for your safety, if you will resolve to trust me, in an instance in which your welfare demands it.’ **ELINOR** still hesitated, and was silent; and the Chevalier, with increasing perturbation in his countenance and manner, added, ‘ Delay not, I conjure you, the promise I demand; every moment devoted to deliberation lessens my power of serving you, when you do meet me. Oh! why do you doubt me? What inducement can I have to deceive you? Or, why perplex you with warnings of imaginary dangers?’

“ Well then——” said the trembling **ELINOR**, in a faltering voice: he hastily interrupted

interrupted her, ‘ On Friday evening you will be here. I shall not fail: but in the mean time, believe no tales calculated to injure your faith in me; for those who surround you will spare no pains for your destruction. Above all, let nothing seduce you beyond these walls.’

ELINOR’s doubts now returned more forcibly than ever, and she was about to recall the promise she had in fact not made, when the man who had gone on, now turning round an angle of the wall, again appeared, and the Chevalier, repeating a hasty adieu, joined him, and they walked up the hill together. The daughter of LUSIGNAN now rung at the gate for admittance; but before the portress could open it, the scene she had just past, so totally overcame her spirits, that when the nun beheld her, she was alarmed by her looks: they were pale and agitated, insomuch that the portress, fearing she would

sink, called loudly for assistance. Several of the inhabitants of the convent hastened to the spot, and all were equally terrified by the appearance of ELINOR, who, feeling herself extremely incommoded by their cares for her recovery, feebly intreated to be left alone. Most of them obeyed her; but two of them, who assisted her to her cell, continued to exert their persecuting zeal, till ELINOR burst into a flood of tears, and again repeating that quiet would restore her, the nuns consented to depart on condition she would lie down, which she did. But a reposing posture, though it gives ease to the body, fails to restore tranquillity to a mind harrassed; as were that of ELINOR, with sorrow, doubt, and alarm. But her thoughts turned principally on DON CARLOS. Alarmed as she had been during their short conference, she had fancied that candour and virtue were expressed in every turn of his intelligent features; but

but she had heard too much from LUSIGNAN of the fallacy of opinions formed from a dependence on phisiognomy, to let it weigh too much against the strong reasons there were to suppose him an impostor—one sent to personate DON CARLOS D'ESTELLA. To excuse this seeming illiberality in the artless unsuspicious ELINOR, it must be remembered that she had seen him associating with a person, whom she perfectly recollects to be one of those who had attended her, during her imprisonment in the castle of Dejeune, and who, she had no doubt, had been the means of discovering and carrying off her poor friend EMMA. It was only from him, that the supposed DON CARLOS could learn her name; and she believed that the long delay of an interview which he represented as of consequence to her peace and safety, was in order to gain time to obtain the directions of the Count de

SANTERRE

SANTERRE how to proceed. There were times when ELINOR thought very differently of this affair; but her uneasiness was by no means alleviated, nor had she determined how to act in regard to the appointment she had made, on the morning of Friday, when she received a summons from the abbess to attend her in her closet.

### CHAP. XXXVI.

Who opens wide the fatal gate  
To sad distrust, and ruthless hate;  
With sorrows pallid train.

WHEN ELINOR obeyed the summons, she found Madame DE RONCEVAL seated at her bureau; from which, when her visitor had taken a chair, she drew a number of unfolded papers, and then turning towards

wards her, she thus with haughty courtesy addressed her, ‘ Since your residence here, ‘ my daughter, I have with extreme satis- ‘ faction beheld your contemplative turn ‘ of mind; which, together with your uni- ‘ form and edifying devotion, has induced ‘ me to conceive that you are not averse to ‘ a conventional life—’

The superieure was apt to make long pauses in her discourse; and ELINOR concluding, from the one she now made, that she was herself expected to speak, said timidly, though gracefully, “ Nor am I, “ Madam. This cloister, or some other, “ will in all probability be my perpetual “ residence; but I at present feel no wish “ to become a nun. My mind has of “ late been too much occupied with things “ of this world, to pay that attention “ to my duties to my God, which I should “ do, were it my design immediately to “ devote myself to his service.”

‘ You

‘ You judge rightly, my child,’ said the  
 abbess, ‘ nor is it my intention to use any  
 ‘ persuasions to induce you to become one  
 ‘ of our holy order; its sacred purity  
 ‘ should not be defiled by the admission of  
 ‘ a member, whose whole soul was not  
 ‘ enwrapped in the extatic delights of re-  
 ‘ ligion. Though, when destitute of na-  
 ‘ tural protectors, youth has every encou-  
 ‘ ragement to flee for an asylum to those  
 ‘ calm and blessed retreats, where piety,  
 ‘ peace, and sisterly affection, reign. But  
 ‘ when the affections of this world absorb  
 ‘ the senses, and lead the soul into errors  
 ‘ and dangers; when passion usurps an  
 ‘ empire over the reason, and——’

The Abbess coughed, and made another  
 long pause; which ELINOR was unable, as  
 before, to fill: blushes crowded to her fair  
 face, from a consciousness of deserving the  
 reprobation she expected to meet; but  
 the Lady Mother, instead of continuing  
 her

her harangue, now said abruptly, ‘ Those  
 ‘ whom you have hitherto considered as  
 ‘ your parents, in those papers which I  
 ‘ this morning received, solemnly renounce  
 ‘ you. You have now no father, no mo-  
 ‘ ther! Those who gave you being have  
 ‘ long been numbered with the dead.’

She now read aloud (uninterrupted by  
 ELINOR, whose feelings, at what she heard,  
 were too complicated and distressing for de-  
 scription) a formal deposition, that PEIRRE  
 ARNAUD DE LUSIGNAN, and MARIA DE  
 RETEL his wife, had, in the summer of  
 the year 17—, received from the hands  
 of HENRY PHILLIPPE ST. HOULAGE,  
 Baron de Ronçan, since Count de SAN-  
 TERRE, a female child, who had, he told  
 them, been baptized by the names of ELI-  
 NOR ADELAID LOUISE. That they had,  
 at his desire, brought up the little girl as  
 their own; but that PEIRRE ARNAUD DE  
 LUSIGNAN, and MARIA his wife, never  
 had

had a child; and she, who for upwards of seventeen years passed as such, was the girl brought them by the Count DE SANTERRE.

The sensations of ELINOR, while this was reading, were not easily defined. To be deprived of the title of the daughter of LUSIGNAN was not very afflicting. The affection she had entertained for him resulted rather from a consciousness that a father ought to be beloved, than from any quality he possessed, calculated to inspire tenderness in a heart like her's: and what little she had ever felt, the cruelty of his conduct towards her had long since annihilated. Madame DE LUSIGNAN she certainly loved, but in a degree which she would feel for any person who was attached to her, and certainly infinitely inferior to the affection she felt for OLIVIA. To find, therefore, that she did not owe them filial fondness could not be any sensible grief to her, (since she had sometimes reproached

proached herself for not paying it to them;) but the idea that she was unconnected, an insulated being, her parents gone for ever, was wounding to a sensibility like her's; and she wept bitterly at the thought that the only person on whom she seemed to have the slightest claim for kindness and protection, had, from her first knowledge of him, proved the enemy of her repose. The Abbefs now again calling her attention, read aloud a long narrative, the sum of which was as follows:

Towards the latter end of the year —, the fifth Count DE SANTERRE, who immediately preceded the present, saw, and became enamoured of ELINOR LOUISE, half sister to the Baron DE RONÇAN. When scarcely more than a child, she had been espoused to the young heir of the house of LEONTIO. The noble Spaniard was disgusting in his appearance, his understanding was weak, and his temper truly diabolical:

so much so, that the relations of the devoted ELINOR repented having forced her to marry him; and her brother interfering, took her from her detestable husband to live with him. She had been some time under his protection, when JULIUS Count DE SANTERRE fell in love with her, and, as their attachment was mutual, would have married her, could her former ill-fated engagement have been dissolved. But this the family of LEONTIO, whose interest at the court of Madrid was very great, and who resented the interference of her relations to divide her from their kinsman, took care to render impracticable. While, however, the affair of the divorce was fruitlessly negotiating, the honour of the fair ELINOR was sacrificed to her lover: and on the return of her brother from Madrid, she confessed her guilt to him, as well as the probability that her shame would be perpetuated in

memory

meinory by her being pregnant. The Baron was with difficulty prevailed on to forgive his sister, and his friend; and the latter dying soon afterwards, he promised to protect his child. **DONNA ELINOR DE LEONTIO** lived about two years, after she brought into the world a little girl, who was named **ELINOR ADELAIDE LOUISE**, and committed by her uncle to the care of **LUSIGNAN**, with order to bring her up as his own daughter.

This narrative was very prolix, and ended with a demand from the Count **de SANTERRE**, that Madame **de RONCEVAL** would deliver up his neice to him, since he was determined to acknowledge her.

Of the falsehood of this narrative (at least that part of it which concerned herself) **ELINOR** was well convinced, since her age did not exceed nineteen years, and the person said to be her father had been dead twenty-five. She represented this

to

to the abbess, who coldly told her, that how long her father had been dead she was entirely ignorant, but that, as the claims of the Count were so directly enforced, and from the testimony of those who brought her up so indisputable, she had that morning sent an express to the chateau D'Aubigné, where the Count at present resided, to inform him that his niece should immediately be given up to him, since it was not fit that the holy walls of a convent should be a bar to the rights of a relation. As Madame DE RONCEVAL said this, she rose, and putting the papers she had been reading into the trembling hands of ELINOR, she left the closet.

ELINOR, now exerting herself, rose also, and took the papers with her to her cell; she there perused them, and, from the circumstance of their having been written the very day she left Loncilles, together with the evident contradiction in regard to the

the time of her birth, more than ever convinced her that they were false, and that she was really the daughter of LUSIGNAN; though (as she could not doubt the signature to those papers being his hand-writing) her blood ran cold at the idea of a father giving up his daughter to infamy. Her mother too, though she had not signed the deposition, she hardly hoped could be ignorant of what was in her name alledged; and the unhappy ELINOR saw no prospect but ruin before her, since she had no means of evading or escaping from a cruel enemy, who was invested with legal authority over her. She remembered, with thrilling horror, the last conference with SANTERRE at Dejeune, and trembled for the fate to which she was destined. She had now no person to advise or console her; those to whom she had from infancy looked up to with reverence, now disclaimed her, or slept for ever;

ever; EMMA was torn from her; GABRIELLA, the mild and sensible GABRIELLA, was, with her dear MADALINE, by this time at Geneva; Madame DE RONCEVAL refused any longer to afford her an asylum in the convent; and, which way soever she turned her thoughts, she beheld only danger and despair. Her mind was in a state of too much agitation to think of repose that night, and it was scarcely light, when, as her chamber was over the great gate of the convent, she heard a carriage stop at it. There was no window on that side, so she could not be certain whether it was the one she much dreaded would arrive, and almost immediately the abbess sent for her.

The persecuted ELINOR now took a resolution as extraordinary as it was sudden, and prepared to attend the superieure in order to inform her that she would not leave the convent, without the authority  
of

of the bishop; who, she was well convinced, would not force her from thence, when she declared her intention of taking the veil. Gaining courage from the certainty that this proceeding would at least delay the event she so much dreaded, that of again seeing the Count; she entered the closet of the abbess with firmness, and Madame DE RONCEVAL, presenting her a paper, said, ‘ It is necessary that you immediately set out, and make all the speed you can to D’Aubigné, if you would see your uncle alive; he has sent a carriage for you, and the confidential servant who attended it informs me, that his master is at the point of death, from a wound which he lately received having again opened, and been attended with dangerous consequences.’

The feeling heart of ELINOR could not be insensible to the sufferings of her bitterest enemy, and in the thought that the

Count

Count was dying, she forgot all his guilt and her own terrors. The paper the abbess had given her, contained these words:

‘ Can the amiable and much-injured  
 ‘ ELINOR consent to cheer by her pre-  
 ‘ sence, a repentant and dying sinner? To  
 ‘ receive his confession, which will restore  
 ‘ her to the name and honours of her fa-  
 ‘ mily! and, by bestowing her forgiveness,  
 ‘ sooth the expiring agonies of

‘ The Count DE SANTERRE.’

ELINOR had no sooner read this billet, which was hardly intelligible from the crookedness of the writing, than she said, with benevolent warmth, “ Ah! Madam! “ this moment let me fly to assure the  
 “ Count of my forgiveness; and if possible,  
 “ to restore him by my cares and attention  
 “ to health and virtue!” The abbess smiled, and taking her hand, led her to the gate, saying, as they walked, ‘ This  
 ‘ charitable frame of mind is worthy of  
 ‘ one

‘one who has been brought up within these holy walls.’ They soon reached the carriage, which was a few yards from the convent gate, and **ELINOR** was going to enter it, but suddenly stopped. She recollects the parting words of **DON CARLOS D’ESTELLA**, (whom for the last twenty-four hours she had forgotten) and it struck her that the illness of the Count was a tale fabricated to facilitate the plan of taking her from the sanctuary of the convent, and would have retreated. But the gates were already closed, and one of the servants of the Count offering his assistance, she was obliged to get into the carriage, which instantly drove off, attended by several men on horseback.



## CHAP. XXXVII.

Last came Joy's extatic trial.

COLLINS.

ELINOR had not long left the convent, when a Chevalier came to the gate, enquiring for Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN.

"She is gone from hence," replied the portress.

"Gone!" repeated the stranger, in an accent of surprise: "How long since?"

"About an hour!" said the nun.

"And whither?" cried the stranger, impatiently.

The portress answered, she did not know; and was going from the gate, when the stranger desiring to see Madame CARONZO, was conducted to the parlour, where that lady soon joined him, very

much

much surprised to find that it was her nephew **DON CARLOS D'ESTELLA**. She coldly saluted him, and sat down without making any enquiries for his wife. **DON CARLOS** scarcely noted this particularity, but said, ‘ I desired to see you, Madam, at this early hour, to request you will inform me, if you know any thing of **demoiselle DE LUSIGNAN**, who has, I am told, left this place.’

“ I know not,” replied **Madame CARONZO**, with a stately air, “ I saw but very little of her, while she remained here; she was, I think, the constant companion of that young lady, whom you induced me to protect and countenance, but who has honoured your recommendation by eloping from hence; I doubt not with some lover.”

‘ Eloping!—some lover!’ repeated **DON CARLOS**, ‘ I pray you, Madam, is this illiberal opinion of the amiable Lady

“ EMMA generally held, in a place consecrated to religion, and sisterly love and charity to the faults of others?”

DON CARLOS spoke these words in a manner that shewed his aunt (who loved him as well as she could love any one) that he was hurt and offended at her repeating this censure on his fair friend, and said mildly, “ Appearances certainly were “ unfavourable to her, but for my part I “ judge charitably; the poor young thing “ *may* be innocent.”

“ She *may*!” cried DON CARLOS, “ She *is*, Madam! Her actions are as spotless as her disposition is amiable; nor, in the eyes of a candid and generous person, are appearances enough to stain a fame so pure as that of the lovely EMMA.”

“ Why really,” returned Madame CARONZO, who saw, not without uneasiness, the eagerness with which her nephew defended EMMA; “ the child’s conduct, “ while

“ while she remained here, was not reprehensible. But tell me, my son, how comes it that you are so much interested for this Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN, whom you spoke of; I hope no danger threatens her, since she was a pious and good young woman. Our mother, and all our sisterhood, were pleased with her conduct.”

DON CARLOS knew Madame CARENZO too well, to be surprised at her sudden change of opinion, and now said respectfully, ‘ I came hither, Madam, four days ago, on some business relative to the affairs of my late father, and was talking to a gentleman on one of the quays, when a man passed me, whom I thought I recollect: I left the person I was with, and following this man, soon overtook him: it proved to be one ALREZ, a fellow whom I knew to have been for some years in the pay of the Count DE SAN-

' TERRE. He remembered me immediately: on my enquiring if the Count was  
 ' in Lyons, he said, " I believe not; but  
 ' I am now no longer under his protec-  
 " tion, or rather in his power. Taking  
 " advantage of my having been engaged  
 " in a rascally business enough, he would  
 " have made me a murderer; but our  
 " purpose was prevented, and I have left  
 " him for ever." " I own," continued  
**DON CARLOS**, " that I was not a little cu-  
 " rious to hear the history of this man,  
 " and I easily prevailed on him to relate  
 " it to me. To avoid observation, we  
 " left the city, and walked past this con-  
 " vent towards the hills behind it. As we  
 " went, ALREZ told me of many acts of  
 " violence which he had aided the Count  
 " to perform; and amongst the rest, his  
 " having assisted to force Mademoiselle DE  
 " LUSIGNAN from her parents, and con-  
 " fining her in the castle of Dejeune; and  
 " that

' that it was in the attempt to carry her  
 ' from thence to murder her, that the  
 ' Count received the wound which will  
 ' probably cost him his life. By the time  
 ' ALREZ had ended his recital, we had  
 ' reached the ruins of a temple, which (as  
 ' I had never seen it) I amused myself  
 ' sometime with examining. I did not ob-  
 ' serve that ALREZ had left me, till I be-  
 ' gan to return towards Lyons; and I then  
 ' saw him coming to meet me. When he  
 ' came up, he asked me if I had seen two  
 ' ladies, who had gone down the hill be-  
 ' fore me? On my replying in the nega-  
 ' tive, he said, that one of them, by the  
 ' transient view he had of her, he conceived  
 ' to be Lady EMMA DE SANTERRE, but  
 ' that the other was well known to him.  
 "She is called," said he, "ELINOR DE  
 "LUSIGNAN, and is the same I mentioned  
 "to you just now." "I regretted much  
 ' not having seen these ladies; and AL-

' REZ telling me that probably they would  
 ' be there again the next morning, I de-  
 ' termined to be at the same place also,  
 ' and returned to Lyons. I went in the  
 ' evening to the post-office, expecting to  
 ' hear from my wife, and found a letter  
 ' from her, in which she mentioned ha-  
 ' ving heard a new instance of the depra-  
 ' vity of the Count, as his valet had said,  
 ' in speaking of his master to a person who  
 ' repeated it. " He is come to D'Aubigné  
 " to enjoy the sweetness of revenge. He  
 " has discovered his daughter and his mis-  
 " tress in the same convent, near Lyons.  
 " The first, he may get into his power by  
 " force; for the other, he must use strata-  
 " gem." ' I was not at a loss to know  
 ' who was meant by his mistress, and was  
 ' considering how I could warn the ladies  
 ' of their danger, when my relation and  
 ' friend, the Marquis DE JULIEN, accosted  
 ' me. In the pleasure of meeting him, I  
 ' forgot

' forgot my letter, and the uneasiness it  
 ' had given me; and, going with him to  
 ' a tavern, we called for a room, where we  
 ' sat up the whole night conversing. The  
 ' morning was very near, when DE JULIEN  
 ' told me, that he had come to Lyons in  
 ' search of Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN,  
 ' of whose leaving her family, he gave  
 ' me a long history. This reminded me  
 ' of the conversation I had had with AL-  
 ' REZ the day before; which I repeated  
 ' to him, and shewed him the letter I had  
 ' received from my wife. The Marquis,  
 ' not doubting that this was the same per-  
 ' son for whom he was so interested, con-  
 ' jured me to lose no time in going to the  
 ' place, where I should probably meet  
 ' ELINOR; but charged me not to nathe  
 ' him, since particular circumstances might  
 ' lead her to distrust any friend of his. I  
 ' accordingly went to the ruins of the  
 ' temple, and was not disappointed in my

‘ hope of seeing Mademoiselle DE LUSIG-  
‘ NAN, whom ALREZ pointed out to me.  
‘ I followed, and overtook her just as she  
‘ reached the convent, and learned from  
‘ her, that Lady EMMA had been carried  
‘ off the night before. This almost dis-  
‘ tracted me; but as I had some hope of  
‘ overtaking Lady EMMA before she  
‘ reached D’Aubigné, or at least assisting  
‘ her when there, I delayed no longer  
‘ than to make an appointment with Ma-  
‘ demoiselle DE LUSIGNAN, to meet her  
‘ three evenings afterwards, and, caution-  
‘ ing her against being prevailed on to  
‘ leave this asylum, returned in haste to  
‘ the city. At the inn where I had left  
‘ my horses, I found that every one was  
‘ talking of a lady having been carried off  
‘ from this convent, and learned that the  
‘ Marquis had left the town in evident  
‘ agitation. Not doubting whither he was  
‘ gone, I hastened to D’Aubigné; but  
‘ finding

' finding that I was mistaken, and that he  
 ' had bent his course towards Dejeune,  
 ' whither he imagined Lady EMMA had  
 ' been carried, I pursued him on that road,  
 ' and came up with him by means of his  
 ' horse having tired, where there was no  
 ' other to be got. I then told him that  
 ' Lady EMMA was at D'Aubigné, and  
 ' leaving him to go thither, returned to  
 ' Lyons to keep my appointment with  
 ' Mademoiselle DE LUSIGNAN. The whole  
 ' evening of yesterday, I lingered about  
 ' the walls of the convent in hopes of see-  
 ' ing and prevailing on her to put herself  
 ' under my protection, and that of my  
 ' AGNES; but not being successful, re-  
 ' turned this morning, when I heard that  
 ' she was gone.'

" She is by this time at D'Aubigné,"  
 said Madame CARONZO, (when her nephew  
 had done speaking) without recollecting  
 that she had denied having any knowledge  
 of

of where ELINOR had been taken to. DON CARLOS, extremely disappointed at this intelligence, immediately took his leave of his deceitful and unfeeling relation, and, with a heavy heart, pursued the track that ELINOR had lately taken.

What were ELINOR's feelings during her short journey, are easier conceived than described. When the carriage stopped before the splendid mansion of the D'AUBIGNÉ family, the whispered enquiries of the servants for the Count, somewhat reassured her; and on her alighting, the valet of SANTERRE told her, that his master was dying, but had been very anxious for her arrival, and desired she would permit him to conduct her to the chamber where he lay.

A profound silence reigned in the rooms through which ELINOR passed in her way to that of the dying man; she entered it, and beheld with astonishment the assem-

bled

bled groupe. In the room were several attendants, but beyond them in the bed, lay the miserable Count. Lady EMMA, on whose countenance was strongly pictured pity and filial duty, struggling with horror and dismay, supported her father; a man, in the habit of a monk, knelt at one side of the bed; and a person stood at the other, who was almost concealed by the drawn curtains.

‘She is come,’ exclaimed EMMA, joyfully; and would have flown to embrace ELINOR, could she have left her father. The monk started from his knees, and displaying the countenance of ALBERT DE RIVIERA, caught ELINOR to his bosom.

“My daughter!” cried he, as he pressed her to his heart, “my lovely child! Long-  
“lost pledge of the tenderness of my an-  
“gel ANNE!”

These exclamations, though ELINOR had no clear idea of their meaning, were yet

yet too tenderly uttered, to leave her a doubt that she had found a friend at least; but surprise and joy were too much for her feeble spirits, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her father raised her, and placed her on a sopha; and, while every means were trying to restore her, vehemently reproached himself for having so precipitantly announced himself to her.

When she opened her eyes, and found her head supported on the bosom of her father, ELINOR's gentle heart felt exquisite delight, and, by the tender look she fixed on his face, shewed to him that she felt happy in the thought of being his child. She was going to thank EMMA for her cares, when, turning her head, she perceived that HENRY DE ALLANVILLE, with an emotion which prevented him from being of any service in advancing her recovery, sat beside her. She would again have fainted; but that already accus-  
tom'd

tomed to surprises, this joyful one could not deprive her of her senses. Superior to the mean arts of less noble and generous minds, she extended her hand to him, with a look of such affection and sweetnes, as encouraged her lover to kiss away the tears that hung on her blushing cheek; but his heart was too full to permit him to utter a syllable.

“ Deserving young man!” said RIVERA, who was regarding them with fond delight, “ you love my daughter, and are beloved by her. Receive her hand as the most precious gift I can bestow on the son of the most adored of women! “ Oh! may neither of your destinies be like those of your parents!”

HENRY had not time to express his gratitude to the father of ELINOR, when a deep groan made them all hasten to the bed-side, where they found the Count dying. His countenance was distorted with

with extreme agony, he was convulsed, and expired.

Thus terminated the existence of a man, whose whole life had been one scene of guilt and cruelty, in the presence of those whom he had most injured; and who, good and compassionate as they were, could not bestow

“ A tear to grace his obsequies!”

GRAY.

But turned disgusted from the remains of a monster, whose being was a curse to all who were so unfortunate as to be obnoxious to him.



CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

These shall the fury, passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind;  
 Dismal anger, pallid fear,  
 And shame that sculks behind.

• \* \* \* \*  
 Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,  
 And gnashing infamy.

GRAY.

IN order to account clearly for the events recorded in the preceding chapter, however disagreeable the task may be, to trace vice through all “her snaky folds,” it is necessary to go back several years, to the first glaring act of depravity committed by the Count, then Baron de Ronçan. He had, very soon after her admission to his house, become enamoured of the almost

infant

infant CLARA, whose opening beauties he watched with the intention of cropping this fair floweret, and blighting all its sweetness. It was not the cautious kindness of a guardian, but the madding jealousy of a lover, that discovered to him the love his young ward entertained for her noble kinsman ALBERT DE RIVIERA, and induced him to take the steps he did to effect their eternal separation. Loving CLARA as he did, and his character and principles so vile, he would not a moment have hesitated to force her to his wishes, without what he once called the troublesome formality of marriage; but, as he had the happy art of rendering even his vices subservient to his interest, he formed the resolution of marrying her, in order to secure her fortune to himself; a plan he put into execution, at the time he separated her from her lover and OLIVIA. The means he used to effect a union so

pugnant

pugnant to his unhappy victim, were the most violent and cruel. In depraved minds, love, once satisfied, exists no longer, and not unfrequently turns to hate; which was the case with the Baron, in regard to his lovely Baroness, to whom, in a few weeks, he became the most merciless tyrant; from a suspicion that she had had an illicit connection with RIVIERA previous to her marriage. He confined her in a gloomy and ruinous house at the foot of the Pyrennean mountains, where the timid and submissive CLARA bore her sorrows with the most perfect resignation; or rather, minds naturally weak, as hers was, sink under calamity, and speedily lose not only the power, but the desire of resisting it. About two months after this unpropitious union, the rank, beauty, and immense wealth of the young Viscountess EMMA DE SANTONGES, induced the Count to regard her as an eligible match for

for him; and, as his marriage had never been made public, he resolved to address her. It has already been said, that in his person was united every charm that would captivate the eye of woman, and that he could at pleasure assume the most seducing elegance of manners, with a lip-deep liberality of sentiment the most enchanting. Was it then wonderful, that the youthful Viscountess consented to marry him, as she also did to his desire of keeping it secret for some time. To rid himself of the luckless CLARA, was now his object and design, either by confining her in a convent as a lunatic or otherwise; and therefore, two days after he made EMMA DE SANTONGES his own, he pretended indispensable business in Savoy; and leaving her, went to the lonely habitation of CLARA, whom he took with him to L'Onclies. It is more than probable, that, had he proposed it, the unhappy lady would, without murmuring,

murmuring, have gone into a convent; but her pregnancy was a bar to that proceeding; and he determined to be silent on the subject, till after her delivery, which was yet distant. In the mean time his hatred and aversion increased daily; and **EMMA DE SANTONGES** at last wrote to her supposed husband, to hasten his return to France, intimating, that if she did not see him at Santonges on a certain day which she named, she would follow him to Savoy. This accelerated the fate of the wretched **CLARA**, whom the Count feared to leave by herself at Loneilles, and equally dreaded **EMMA**'s coming there; he therefore practised on the sordid weakness of her servant **MADALINE JORNAC**, who administered poison to her ill-fated mistress. The potion, however, not having been given in a sufficient quantity, failed of immediate effect, but brought on her labour, and **HENRY** came alive into the

the world. Horrid as was the degree of depravity, at which the Baron had already arrived, he could not resolve to send his infant son prematurely to the grave, however he might at first have meant to destroy him; the child was therefore sent to nurse, and afterwards nominally adopted by his father. Soon after the death of CLARA, the suit was instituted by RIVIERA against the Baron, for marrying a minor; but though the perjured evidence of LUSIGNAN acquitted him in the courts, few persons doubted that he really had been married to CLARA, since it was evidently his interest thus to make her fortune his own; and many wondered that he should so readily give up the estate of Mademoiselle DE MONTAUBAN, when, whatever sentence might have passed on him for marrying the heiress, he could easily have had revoked. But had he allowed that the marriage had ever taken place, it must have come

come to the ears of EMMA SANTONGES, (who was at the time of the trial at Naples) and her family, enraged at the injury done to her, would have exerted their power (which was great) to have inflicted on him the punishment for bigamy; and he preferred losing the estate, to suffering death, or being doomed to the gallies for life. Though still rich beyond his possible wants, he (like most avaricious men) could not bear the loss of so small a part of his wealth, but was continually revolving in his own mind the means to repossess himself of it; of which, when two years were past, he saw little probability, as RIVIERA was then married to ANNE of Aubigné, and there was every probability that OLIVIA would be united to FRANCIS DE VEVILLON. Such was the diabolical disposition of the Count, that he would stop at no guilt, be it ever so enormous, from which there was a probability of advantage

tage accruing to himself; and this consideration, when added to the malice and revenge that inflamed his bosom against RIVIERA, induced him to form the design of having him assassinated, which, however, failed.

The shock of the supposed death of her husband proved fatal to the gentle and amiable ANNE; but, as her daughter lived after her, the horrid plan of SANTERRE was yet incomplete. Still averse to shedding infant blood, he could not resolve to murder the child, but caused a report to be circulated, that it died in convulsions; and conveying it away, he gave it to the care of his trusty LUSIGNAN, who was to bring up the little ELINOR as his own; and the Count, giving him a pension to support and educate her, permitted him to retreat from the power of justice to the chateau de Loncilles in Savoy. As SANTERRE often heard from LUSIGNAN, he could

could not long be ignorant of the beauty of ELINOR, which, with her sweetness of manners, had won so much on her supposed father, that he was continually praising her in his letters to the Count, from the time she came home, and frequently mentioned the striking likeness she bore to both her parents. This at last inspired him with a curiosity to see her; and he resolved on paying that memorable visit to Loncilles, which was the beginning of the sorrows of the fair ELINOR. DE SANTERRE was at that time going down the hill of life, and (as at that season the most abandoned must, if they have a moment's reflection, look to an hereafter) he (feeling some touches of conscience for his past crimes) determined to atone to ELINOR for his numberless injuries to her family by marrying her. Pride, it has been said, never deserts us, and the Count possessed too much of that quality to perse-

vere in making a woman his wife, whom he could not help seeing detested him. He therefore formed less laudable designs on her, to which, vile as he was, LUSIGNAN would not give his consent, but on the contrary, when provoked by the lawless brutality of SANTERRE to his supposed daughter, haughtily threatened him; and his adversary durst not further irritate him, for fear he should execute his threats of giving him up to justice, for the former crimes of his life. But a spirit of revenge, when once boundlessly indulged in the human heart, breaks down every barrier of religion, conscience, and that dread of shame and punishment implanted in our natures; and inspired the Count to the practice of new villainy. To gratify this horrid passion, and at once to secure himself from those claims that he continually dreaded LUSIGNAN would furnish ELINOR with, he contrived to steal her from Lon-

cilles,

cilles, with intent to murder her; by which means, if ever LUSIGNAN attempted to betray him, he might call on him to produce ELINOR, or account for her disappearance, which, if he could not do, he must be answerable for her death.

When SANTERRE visited his lovely captive, on the night after her being brought to Dejeune, he went with the intention of perpetrating the shocking deed of murder; but her youth, her beauty, (once the object of his desire) her extreme terror, and moving supplications for mercy, created a something like pity in his savage breast, and he then thought of extorting from her an oath to conceal her name and every past event of her life, and placing her in a convent; and the reason of his not making the proposal to her at the time, was, that he wished to be certain that the convent he pitched on as the place of her confinement would (on his own terms)

receive her. But the following night he found reason to change his plans, which must now be explained.

It is the curse of bad minds to suspect others, and had SANTERRE been married to an angel, he would have doubted her virtue; his Countess EMMA had, for several years before her death, been subject to frequent illnesses, which had obliged her to have a separate chamber, to which he imagined she admitted a lover: though nothing could be more truly faultless than her conduct. He had, therefore, (with the design of watching her) during a short time that she spent at Barege, constructed a communication between her chamber and his own, by which means he could hear, when he pleased, every thing that was said and done in the apartment of his wife. Only one person was employed in this work, and he dying soon afterwards, the secret of it never transpired. On the return

return of his daughter from the convent where she had been partly educated, he assigned to her use the rooms that had been inhabited by her late mother; and, on the night when **ELINOR** first entered them, **EMMA**'s cry of surprise having drawn him to his listening place, he heard every word that was said, though he determined not to avow his having any knowledge of the plan set on foot. However, it made him hasten his scheme of removing **ELINOR** from **Dejeune**, to the convent where he designed to fix her for life.

As soon as he found that his victim had escaped him, regardless of his wound, he rested not till he had dispatched a letter to **LUSIGNAN**, apologizing for some circumstances of his past conduct, and informing him that **ELINOR** was then (as he believed) on the road to **Loncilles**, accompanied by the **Marquis DE JULIEN**; to whom he advised him, if possible, to dispose of his sup-

posed daughter in marriage. All these measures succeeded to admiration, till ELINOR's elopement was discovered, which was the morning after she left Loncilles. LUSIGNAN then posted to the Count with the news, which violently enraged that nobleman; nor could he be appeased till LUSIGNAN gave him some hopes of finding her in the convent at Lyons, whither he had himself no doubt she was gone. The Count then dispatched a person to Lyons to enquire at the convent, what ladies were newly arrived there, and in the list of names preceding that of ELINOR DE LUSIGNAN was astonished to behold that of his own daughter, who, from the fruitless enquires made for her in the neighbourhood of Dejeune, he concluded had fled to Switzerland, where an aunt of hers resided. As EMMA had entered on a noviciate, and must therefore remain in the convent, the Count thought but little

about

about her at the present; but, in conjunction with LUSIGNAN, fabricated the history and the deposition which were antedated and sent to Madame DE RONCEVAL, accompanied by a letter so full of liberal promises, as made her very little solicitous about their justice or probability.

It is well known that the church is by no means impregnable to the power of bribes, and though the rank and fortune of Madame DE RONCEVAL were such as rendered her above the influence of gold, she could not resist the temptation of the various privileges and immunities promised to the society of which she was the head; and the pious abbess hesitated not to give up the amiable injured creature, to whom she had promised (what in fact she could not deny her consistently with the rules of the order) friendship and protection. As soon as those papers were sent to Lyons, (where by some chance,

they did not arrive till three days after they should have done) the Count, whose wound was almost closed, came to D'Aubigné, and employed persons to watch the convent that **ELINOR** should not escape from it. Those persons happening to see **EMMA** leave the convent, certain of her person and well assured the Count would reward them for the service, seized her on the evening that she disappeared, and immediately carried her to her father. When she was brought into his presence, the violent rage that he fell into against her, caused his wound to bleed inwardly, and in a very few minutes his life was despaired of from the consequences of the accident. He now, without delay, sent for **HENRY DE ALLANVILLE** and a priest, and **EMMA** was permitted to attend the now repentant and dying sinner. **HENRY** was then at Dejeune, expecting a summons from the Marquis **DE JULIEN** to Loncilles, to receive

ceive the hand of ELINOR, (it should be mentioned, that the letter his sister received from him at Lyons, was written previous to his midnight visit to the chamber of ELINOR) and he instantly obeyed the summons of the expiring Count to hasten to D'Aubigné.

By a singular chance, the person sent to Lyons, to procure the attendance of a priest, met father ANSELMO in the street; and, without informing him who his master was, prevailed on him to enter the carriage he had brought, and repair to the penitent. What was the surprise of RIVIERA, on arriving at the place of his destination, to find that it was the mansion of his much-regretted wife; and that he was called on to administer ghostly consolation to her destroyer, and his own invertebrate enemy.

He, however, ascended to the chamber of the dying man, and received from him

a full confession of all his crimes. RIVIERA then made himself known, and the Count imparted to him the joyful intelligence that his daughter not only existed, but was then on her way to D'Aubigné; where she in a few moments afterwards arrived, and ALBERT felt double extacy when he discovered in the person of his own child, her, whose sympathetic tenderness had already endeared her to him.

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### CHAP. XXXIX.

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..... Yet still he hoped;  
For love to hope his flickering taper lends,  
When reason with her steady torch retires.

MASON.

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No sooner had the miserable Count breathed his last, than RIVIERA, his daughter, HENRY, and his gentle sister, turned from his remains, and leaving his chamber,

chamber, EMMA led the way to a magnificent saloon. The first object that struck the eyes of RIVIERA was a picture which hung over the chimney, and in which, among a groupe of less interesting figures, was that of his wife. With a calmness resulting from piety and resignation, he pointed out to ELINOR the resemblance of her mother; and she was fondly addressing the inanimate canvas, when HENRY, who stood beside her, exclaimed, " Ah! " DE JULIEN!" and turned round: she followed his example, and saw that the Marquis DE JULIEN had entered the room unperceived by her. They gazed on each other for a minute or two in silence; but the Marquis then recovering himself, said, with that graceful ease which so much distinguished him, " Permit me, Madam, to offer you my congratulations, and believe me, I rejoice no less in your present felicity, than I should have done, had

my

‘ my efforts to promote it proved its source.’  
 ELINOR, who felt this speech like a reproach, turned away her head, and burst into tears; DE JULIEN observed that she wept, and catching her hand, resumed, with the utmost tenderness and animation in his voice and looks, ‘ Pardon me, my gentlest, loveliest friend, if I have caused those tears: since, to spare you the slightest pang, I would endure the extreme of misery. But it is you who must make me happy; intercede for me, dearest ELINOR; intercede for me, HENRY, with your charming sister! Ah, EMMA!’ he added, with still greater animation, as he took both her trembling hands, ‘ will you forbid them to plead for me?’

EMMA, astonished by his manner, and scarcely able to conceal her feelings, would have withdrawn her hands, but he would not release them, saying, ‘ No, EMMA, you

‘ you must bestow your hand on me for  
‘ ever;’ then, with some solemnity, added,  
‘ there was a time, my cousin, when, fasci-  
‘ nated by the charms of ELINOR DE LU-  
‘ SIGNAN, passion gained the empire over  
‘ my senses, and I loved her. But, long  
‘ before, your gentle virtues and winning  
‘ sweetnes had begun to make an impres-  
‘ sion on my heart. But little sanguine in  
‘ my temper, and a novice in the wiles of  
‘ love, its power was at first feeble, and  
‘ liable to be shaken by circumstances like  
‘ those that introduced me to ELINOR;  
‘ and in my inconstancy, I soothed myself  
‘ with the reflection, that I had used no  
‘ arts to steal your affections, and that  
‘ your peace could not be injured by me.  
‘ I discovered that your brother possessed  
‘ the heart of ELINOR, and rectitude, with  
‘ the consideration that my love was hope-  
‘ less, enabled me to conquer my attach-  
‘ ment. To you then, EMMA, my imagi-  
‘ nation

' nation recurred with fondness; I then  
 ' felt how very dear you were to me, and  
 ' sought in memory something to convince  
 ' me I was not indifferent to you. Insen-  
 ' sibly your image became more fondly  
 ' cherished by me, than had ever been  
 ' that of ELINOR; and I soon found, that  
 ' to make you mine for ever, could alone  
 ' constitute my felicity. Can you then,  
 ' dear and gentle EMMA, resolve to trust  
 ' me with the care of your happiness?  
 ' Can you resolve to accept my offered  
 ' hand?" of the Marquis and Emma

The Marquis was now silent, but with  
 his penetrating eyes fixed on the object of  
 his love, seemed anxious to read those  
 thoughts that for a short time agitated her  
 bosom before; with a dignity and grace,  
 scarcely ever equalled, she replied, "No,  
 " my lord! My resolution must rather be  
 " exerted to forego the splendid, the  
 " happy destiny you offer me; but I can-  
 " not,

“ not, consistently with honour, accept it.  
“ Do not mistake me, but hear my reasons  
“ for what I must own is a severe effort  
“ of self-denial. When first you knew  
“ me, and I dared to cherish my esteem  
“ for you, I was reputed heiress to im-  
“ mense wealth, which must now return  
“ to its proper channel. God knows, I do  
“ not repine at the good fortune of a  
“ brother, ever so beloved; but by the  
“ prior marriage of *his* mother with my  
“ father, that of *mine* is rendered invalid,  
“ and my birth now bears the stigma of  
“ disgrace. How can I then, my lord, in  
“ gratitude and honour, bestow on you a  
“ bride who bears but a disputed name,  
“ the offspring of credulity and guilt? I  
“ confess, that to ST. LAURE my heart is  
“ bound by the strongest ties, and there-  
“ fore my hand shall never be given to  
“ another; but, in the seclusion of a cloi-  
“ ster, my prayers shall daily ascend to  
“ heaven

“heaven for my brother, for his ELINOR,  
“and you.”

Had the Marquis not before loved EMMA, he must now have done so. The grace of her figure, the melting sweetness of her voice, the glow that mantled on her cheek, and lent brilliancy to her fine eyes, while she uttered sentiments so exalted, made her, altogether, an object meriting the highest admiration; but when she had done speaking, she took the hands of HENRY and ELINOR, and pressed them to her heart in silence; then bowing to the Marquis, left the saloon. DE JULIEN, with a look, requested permission to follow her, which her brother by another look accorded, and he immediately hastened after her.

As soon as the surprise occasioned by this scene wore off, RIVIERA once more embraced his daughter; that daughter so lately found, and by circumstances and recollections

collections so inexpressibly dear to him. He fondly traced in her lovely features the strong resemblance she bore to her amiable mother, who seemed once more to live in her. Nor was HENRY without his share of the tenderness ALBERT lavished on his ELINOR. In the person of HENRY, he again beheld his adored CLARA; and tears of such mingled origin flowed down his cheeks, as in some measure composed his agitation. He then demanded from ELINOR the history of her life to the present hour; and she, seated between her father and her lover, her

Face still combating 'twixt tears and smiles,

SHAKESPEARE.

began the relation.

When she spoke of her supposed mother—of her kindness, the grateful energy with which she expressed herself, lent new charms to her appearance; but when she mentioned

mentioned her love for HENRY, while blushes overspread her cheek, she gave him a glance of so much tenderness and sweetness, as transported him; and he could not resist kissing those lovely lips, that confirmed his happiness by an avowal the most flattering to his hopes. She had just concluded her little history of herself, when DE JULIEN returned to the saloon. His features were marked by the deepest dejection, and he seemed scarcely to hear the enquiry HENRY made on his entrance, how he had succeeded in his suit to EMMA, but flung himself into a chair at some distance. ELINOR arose, and going over to him, said, in the most soothing voice, "Suffer me, my friend, to share that sorrow, which you appear to feel. I fear "that—"

"EMMA has finally rejected me!" he interrupted, with a mournful smile: "it is so; and I have promised no more to persecute

‘ secure her, by addresses which she cannot, as she thinks, encourage.’ ‘ My dear DE JULIEN,’ said HENRY, advancing to them, ‘ EMMA’s reluctance may yet be overcome; my ELINOR will join me in pleading for you.’

‘ HENRY!’ replied the Marquis, ‘ I cannot consent to your tormenting your sister on my account; she has declared to me, that if she is not permitted to do as she pleases in this affair, that she will immediately retire to the convent, no more to leave it, if I cannot resolve to see her often for a few days, yet never renew my addresses. I have promised, and whatever it costs me, I will perform that promise, no more to molest her.’ The Marquis said this with a determined air; then kissing the hand of ELINOR, added, ‘ Will you, my sweet friend, assure EMMA of the sincerity of my intentions to obey her.’

ELINOR

ELINOR now left them, and ascended to the dressing-room of her friend, whom she found walking up and down the apartment, endeavouring to compose herself. She perceived her, and pointing to a sofa, sat down beside her on it. ELINOR began to speak of the Marquis, and EMMA directly entered into the subject of their conference, adding, "But my chief reason for this seeming perverseness, I could not avow to ST. LAURE without revealing his cruel and proachful cruelty; yet I cannot, indeed I cannot, in honour or prudence, unite my hand with that of him who slew my father. I know that ST. LAURE is in reality guiltless of his death, since, but for his own ungovernable passions, he might yet have lived; but how, ELINOR, could I meet the eyes of the world, when it should be said that EMMA ST. HOU-LAGE espoused the murderer of her parent. I cannot forget that my unhappy father

“ father imagined me the accomplice and  
“ cause of his intended assassination, nor  
“ can I offer such an insult to his memory,  
“ as to unite myself to the man who ulti-  
“ mately caused his death.”

ELINOR had nothing to offer in opposition to those reasons, and joined with her friend in thinking that she could not, with propriety, marry the Marquis. HENRY too, when the next day his sister repeated to him what she had said to ELINOR, was convinced she was right, and only insisted on her promising not to retire to the convent, (as she proposed doing) till after the public celebration of his nuptials with ELINOR, which could not for six months at least take place, to which she gave a reluctant assent. ELINOR slept not that night till she had written to Madame DE LUSIGNAN, to whom (after relating the late events) she said,

“ Believe me, dear Madam, that my  
“ happiness

“ happiness is incomplete till you are a  
“ sharer in, and a witness of it. For your  
“ tender kindness, I must ever remain  
“ your debtor; though by my filial duty  
“ and affection, I shall endeavour to repay  
“ you for your fondness for the then or-  
“ phan ELINOR. My father also feels  
“ grateful for your care of his child, and  
“ wishes for nothing more than to see  
“ you here. Loncilles must, I think, re-  
“ mind you of unpleasant circumstances;  
“ and with your adopted daughter, you  
“ will, I hope, be at ease. Assure M. DE  
“ LUSIGNAN that I feel no resentment  
“ for any part of his conduct: but I dare  
“ not yet desire to see him at D'Aubigné.”

Madame DE LUSIGNAN received this kind epistle, at a time when she fancied endless misery in this world was her only prospect. A putrid fever had two days before laid her husband in the grave, and his death had left her without subsistence

or

or any dependance whatsoever, but on the goodness of ELINOR, to whom she feared to apply for relief; since (herself a stranger to the exalted principles on which ELINOR acted) she could not hope any thing but that she was included in the disgrace that the vices of LUSIGNAN had brought on his memory. The transport she felt to find herself still beloved, she endeavoured to expres in a letter to ELINOR, whose invitation to the chateau D'Aubigné she promised to accept, as soon as the last duties were paid to the remains of a husband, whom, however, she could not regret, since he had long ceased to possess her affections. When, after her arrival at D'Aubigné, she spoke of her leaving Loncilles, and the regret she could not help feeling at bidding adieu to the place which had long been her home, HENRY, who (with his sister, the Marquis, RIVIERA, and VERVILLON) was present, said, ' Per-

mit

‘ mit me then, Madam, to request you  
 ‘ may again, and during your life, make it  
 ‘ your home; my favourite residence ever  
 ‘ must be Dejeune; but, if I am happy  
 ‘ enough to make your lovely ELINOR  
 ‘ my own, I shall often visit a mansion  
 ‘ dear to me alike, by having been the  
 ‘ abode of my love and of my mother.’

The total desertion of the colour from  
 the cheek of RIVIERA made him repent  
 having mentioned his parent; but ALBERT  
 almost instantly recovering himself, said,  
 “ Not so, my dear HENRY. As I shall  
 “ ever consider my property as ultimately  
 “ yours, I must intreat you to accept now  
 “ of this chateau, and permit that of Lon-  
 “ cilles to be mine while I live. Many  
 “ tender circumstances attach me to it,  
 “ and if VERVILLON will leave his con-  
 “ vent to be my companion, I shall enjoy  
 “ all possible happiness in the indulgence  
 “ of my hopeless sorrows. But let not  
 “ Madame

“ Madame DE LUSIGNAN, be on my account driven from an abode she loves;  
 “ the main body of the edifice will serve  
 “ as my residence, and if, Madam, you  
 “ will inhabit your own apartments in the  
 “ west wing of the building, and regulate  
 “ my family for me, I shall be grateful.”

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## CHAP. XL.

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When love and pleasure cheer the circling hours,  
 When gentle friendship and content unite  
 To strew their path with never-fading flowers.

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THE arrangement mentioned in the preceding chapter, being agreed to by all parties, very soon took place. Madame DE LUSIGNAN agreed to remain at D'Aubigné with ELINOR for a few weeks, till RIVIERA, accompanied by VERVILLON

and HENRY, went down to Loncilles, to make some arrangements, previous to his fixing there for life. The apartments of the East wing he would not permit to be disturbed, except by his melancholy visits to those places where his lost CLARA had spent so many woeful hours. His first care was to cause a superb and beautiful mausoleum to be erected, to which was removed all that now remained of the woman he had so fondly adored, and of his beloved sister. To this place, (which was by the river side, at a spot where the stream, gliding tranquilly, reflected the trees that overhung the building) ALBERT and VERVILLON often came to weep over the destiny of the women they both loved, and with whom they desired their own ashes might rest. Hither too HENRY would sometimes, after his marriage, lead his ELINOR; and while he himself paid the tender tribute of tears to the

the memory of his unhappy mother, he would kiss from the cheek of his lovely wife those drops of regret and pity that fell from her eyes for her more than maternal OLIVIA.

EMMA, almost immediately on the demise of her father, ceded the estates of her late mother to the heir at law, M. DE SANTONGES, an old man, who, dying a few weeks afterwards, bequeathed them to her and to her heirs for ever. This event made all her friends more urgent than ever to induce her to forego her resolution of spending her days in a nunnery, a mode of life that she was not so anxious to adopt as at first. The Marquis continued to pay her the most tender attentions, but they were those of friendship, not of love; and her partiality to him seemed gradually subsiding into sisterly affection and esteem. On the marriage of HENRY with his beloved ELINOR, the

Duke ALMANZA renewed his suit to EMMA; and as she treated him with great sweetness, though coldly, her brother hoped she would in the end accept him. For the peace of DE JULIEN, he had no fears. He had past that season, when the dominion of love is uncontrollable in the human heart, without having ever formed a serious attachment. That he had felt for ELINOR, though violent, had been only transient; and that of which he was sensible for EMMA, was rather a softer sort of fraternal fondness, than what might properly be called love; had she given him her hand, the study of his life would have been to make her happy; but he felt no very poignant or lasting regret that she refused to be his, and his sincere affection for her led him to wish, like the rest of her friends, that she might marry.

GABRIELLA, worn out by affliction, got no farther than D—— on her road to Switzerland;

Switzerland; and dying, requested that her son the Viscount DE ST. CROIX might never be informed of the tender relationship she bore to him, since, without affording her any gratification, it would afflict him to hear the history of his mother.

MADALINE, after the interment of her unfortunate fellow-traveller, returned to the valley of Loncilles, from whence she wrote to ST. CROIX, signifying her readiness to perform her promise of becoming his wife. The Viscount immediately hastened to Savoy, where his attachment to the beautiful and virtuous MADALINE DE VILLIERES was at length rewarded with her hand, which was bestowed on him by HENRY Count DE ALLANVILLE, (for he would never assume the title of SANTERRE) at the chateau de Loncilles, and VERVILLON performed the ceremony; as in six months after the death of the vile SANTERRE, he did that which united the

two most amiable of human beings, HENRY and his charming ELINOR.

GASTON DE VILLIERES remained wedded to the memory of his dear SUZIETTE; and, in a few years, followed his eldest and favourite boy to the grave. His youngest son HENRI was by the Count DE ALLANVILLE educated in the best manner, and placed in the church. The interest of his patron procured him a small preferment in the neighbourhood of Loncilles, and he resided in his native cottage happy and contented.

Of LOUISON, ELINOR took the charge, and the Marquis DE JULIEN presenting her with a considerable portion, she at an early age married a young man every way qualified to make her completely happy.

That ELINOR was so, need scarcely be mentioned: virtues such as hers, with a moderate share of good fortune, cannot fail of felicity.

FINIS.